

GRAIL

■ THAT GOD MAY BE GLORIFIED IN ALL THINGS ■

I Remember, Thanks	1
Love By Candlelight	4
How to Stay Young	11
The Beatitudes in Reverse	14
Murder at Vicovaro	16
Saints Around Our Deathbed	26
Letters to the Editor	30
Three For The Future	33
Abbey Newsmoth	39
All The Way To Heaven	42
Sunday Mass: A School of Christian Perfection .	45
Refresher Course	51
It's A Family Affair	55
Books	56

The GRAIL



Title Registered in

U. S. Patent Office

THIS MONTH we honor the saints in heaven, pray for the saints in purgatory, and try, by dint of a blessed use of free will to become saints on earth.

There is nothing mysterious or exclusive about holiness or beatitude. It is the goal of every man, woman and child who comes into this world. It does not consist in extraordinary mystical experiences, the gift of miracles or extreme practices of penance. Holiness is the state of those who habitually make a noble use of that terrible and wonderful, God-given faculty, free will; it is the state of those who have assumed responsibility for every choice they ever made in life . . . for good or for evil.

If at the end of life on earth, and before the tribunal of the Eternal Judge a man is found wanting and condemned to hell, it is not because of just one bad choice or decision, but because of a thousand bad choices made habitually and never repented of. And if a man saves his soul and is given some part and society with the saints in heaven it is not because of just one good decision or choice, but because of the hourly and daily good choices of a life time. If we are ever admitted to the realm of the blessed in heaven it will be because, thanks to the mercy of God, we have always chosen what is good instead of what is evil. What else is the meaning of the words of Scripture. . .

Blessed is the man who could have broken the law

but did not break it

Who could have done evil but did not do it.

—Father Walter, O.S.B.

EDITOR

Walter Sullivan, O. S. B.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Patrick Shanghnessy, O. S. B.

Raban Hathorn, O. S. B.

Eric Lies, O. S. B.

Christopher Hoolihan, O. S. B.

MANAGING EDITOR

Paschal Boland, O. S. B.

OFFICE MANAGER

Geoffrey Gaughan, O.S.B.

STAFF ARTISTS

Timothy Kennedy, O. S. B.

John Harding

The GRAIL is edited and published monthly by the Benedictines at St. Meinrad, Indiana, for the Christian family. With episcopal approbation. Subscription: \$2.00 a year. Canada: \$2.50. Foreign: \$3.00.

Member of the Catholic Press Association.

Entered as second class matter at St. Meinrad, Indiana, U.S.A. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, section 1103, Oct. 3, 1917; authorized June 5, 1919.

Changes of address, giving the old and the new address, should be sent to us a month in advance.

I remember --- thanks



What happiness: to receive
a note of appreciation
on Thanksgiving Day
from someone you thought
had forgotten you.

BY JOHN J. RYAN

HE was a fine person, strict but gentle, straight as the pines of his own beloved Maine, with lake blue eyes, a mane of silver hair. He took us as tiny youngsters and trained and pounded, threatened and cajoled until he shaped us into the finest choir in the state.

But more than that, he helped us learn the thunderous majesty of music; the austere beauty of the Gregorian Mass; the sonorous cadences of the Requiem; the soaring triumph of the Eastertide Alleluia. He awakened an awareness of the grandeur of the music of the church; recreated the

scenes of monks in dim cells copying the square notes on their four line staves; helped us hear, down the corridors of time the chants of centuries buried.

And we, knee high to men, began to understand and love this golden thread that was to weave through the tapestry of the rest of our lives. When, at last, adult and able to thank him, if it was possible, for the lovely thing he had added to my life, to all our lives, I found I had come too late. He was gone.

A war and a dozen things interfered and it was nearly ten years until one day, thumbing through a New York phone book, I found the name of his widow. Haltingly I phoned this aged woman. Perhaps I could make it all up; tell her what he had meant to me and to the others and how often, lonely evenings in an Army barracks, I had remembered him.

"I was one of his boys," I told her. "Quite a long time ago."

"Yes," she said. There was a long, painful pause. "What is it you wanted?"

It was impossible then. Once again I was too late.

There was a sister in our high school who had taught us Latin; ageless, or so we thought. We used to joke, in the cruel way only adolescents can, about her age, about the difficulties she had

teaching Latin to Lincoln. Oh, there wasn't a trick we didn't play; not an advantage we didn't take. We were so wise and she so naive. Her tireless efforts; her long day; her earnest concern for each of us; her many degrees—none of it impressed us a bit.

Yet she was a kind, warm, generous person. She despaired over my Latin, but she encouraged every essay, every wretched poem, every line I wrote. Her praise was lavish. She gave me the key to her bookcase; piled magazines and pamphlets and books on my desk. Keep on writing, she said in a hundred different ways. But I was a smart aleck kid, and I took it all in stride and believed I was putting one over.

When I wasn't a smart aleck kid anymore, she was gone, and I have never been able to say, "I'm sorry." Or, with some pride, "I've come some of the way, and I owe some of it to you and to your help and patience and understanding." Too late.

But even if she were still here; or if the choir master were not long dead; or the hundreds of other people who, for their instant, day, week or year, brought beauty or understanding, or even a sympathetic word or note; they might well ask, "Why did you wait so long?" Why indeed?

Pride, perhaps, or some mis-

placed sense of embarrassment, of the feeling that it was all a long time ago and the link with the past, fragile at best, once broken is beyond mend. Or, perhaps also, in the plunge ahead into infinite tomorrows there scarcely seems time for reflections on yesterdays, no matter how sweet. Perhaps we didn't scale the peak, or write the novel, nor win the race, nor make our lives the shining thing we had once been so certain we would make.

WE all have dozens of persons who figured on the early, or even recent, pages of our lives, who left us with something that we never really thanked them for. Parents, an uncle or friend, a teacher or friendly old policeman, a priest or brother, a man who staked us, who gave us a lift one black day. It might have been money or words, or a way of thinking. It might have been a job or a poem, advice, a sandwich, a prayer. We, all of us, owe so much to so many.

This Thanksgiving Day, how much finer than the plumpest turkey, how much richer than the darkest plum pudding, how much more enduring than the rarest feast to be able to thank those people. What a glorious Thanksgiving to sit down, each of us, and write those people of one, ten or

fifty years ago who once taught us something, helped us, showed us a way.

It will be difficult. There will be much scratching out and crossing over words. It is so hard to catch the language of real sincerity; to write something that will bridge a decade or a half century. Yet it will be easy too. Hardly more than a case of saying, "You may not remember me, but once you helped me when I needed help. Though it has been a long time since then, I wanted you to know I have always remembered it and appreciated it."

It will work magic. It will bring fire to a cold ancient heart; open the tight fist of a Scrooge; bring a pause to the busiest man and warmth to every one. It will start a chain reaction with reverberations in every nook and corner of the globe. It will start men thinking *back*; stopping for a moment to recall something that brought happiness to someone even if in the lost past. It will work in its way, miracles.

Don't wait. Don't put it off. Don't say "Soon." There simply isn't time. Don't find yourself saying, in the bitter words of a Browning poem "It could have happened once, but we missed it, lost it forever." Halt now, look back, remember and thank them, every one.

LOVE BY CANDLELIGHT



Sometimes gracious living is discovered
in the mellow atmosphere of candlelight . . .

OUTSIDE the wide casement window an ancient willow "wept its slim green tears" against the grey of a November afternoon. Its long fronds, now rusting into brown, stirred in endless grief as splintery little wind gusts chased each other

around the corners in some impish game of autumn tag. There were still a few bits of gold and crimson in the rustling, protesting leaves scampering before the wind. Vivian Redburn laid down her paring knife, leaning wearily against the sink to watch them

for
viv
the
Oct
fre
not
of
law
F
tho
scen
stud
alon
gen
pat
swi
of c
"
ly, i
slic
crus
heat
roas
the
well
che
over
B
old
took
the
cour
cook
plat

By Anna-Margaret Record

for a moment. The scraps of vividness glowed briefly among the brittle brown ghosts of bright October, then all were gone on a fresh swirl of wind, scattering to nothing between the bare trunks of the apple trees bordering the lawn.

For a brief pause Vivian thought achingly that the fleeting scene was a miniature of life: the stuff of it drab and dry, hustled along before the relentless exigencies of daily living, its bright patches few and fleeting and swiftly whirled away in the dust of days . . .

"Morbid!" she thought chidingly, picking up the knife again and slicing apples into the fluted crust lining a pie tin. The pre-heat light on the little electric roaster went out, and she lowered the pie carefully into the cooking well, opened the vents, and checked the time on the red clock over the refrigerator.

Boxes stood everywhere in the old fashioned kitchen. Vivian took plates from the drainer on the sink, stacked them on the counter beside her improvised cooking equipment — two hot plates and the new roaster — and

fished out a few spoons and a couple of forks. In one corner, she had managed to clear the table and cover it with a gay strawberry luncheon cloth. She threaded her way through the boxes and tubs and loaded chairs, pulled the table out from the wall, and assembled enough seats for a meal: the enameled kitchen stool for Jane, a wooden packing box for Chuck, the bench to her vanity dresser for herself, and the one bare dining chair for Steve. Baby Gay's crib had been set up hastily in the exact center of their bedroom off the kitchen. When Vivian looked in, she was sleeping, spread-eagled from corner to corner, the light from the huge old fireplace flickering in red and gold benediction on her russet curls.

"As long as she's in her own bed, she knows its home," Vivian reflected, with a wistful pang for the placid acceptance of babyhood. She herself was conscious of the strangeness and silence of the big, half-empty house, now dusky with the shadows of waning day.

It was sharply chilly in the cavernous hall. She shivered as she ran across it to the living

room. Her steps echoed on the bare dark floor as she crossed to the window and looked out down the driveway to the white curve of road. A car went by, slowly, its lights yellow and misty in the grey twilight.

Vivian snapped on the floor lamp by the couch, pushed a couple of chairs nearer each other, and wondered hopelessly when they could get the rug down and the furniture properly arranged. Some of it was their own, some of it was furniture that had once belonged to Steve's ancestors and which he wanted to keep for sentimental reasons. Never, never, Vivian thought with gathering bitterness, would this massive antique of a house assume the warmth and welcome of *home*. There was, naturally, no furnace: she poked ineptly at the smoldering fire on the hearth, shivered, and pulled her sweater closer in a gesture of discouragement and fatigue. Her fingers were stiff and a little swollen from dust and the cold water which ran in an icy gush from the kitchen faucet—for, of course, there was no water heater, either, and she hadn't, so far, been able to keep enough water hot to satisfy the most elementary demands of cooking, bathing, dishwashing, and cleaning.

Going back to the kitchen, Vi-

vian took the pie out of the little oven, savoring the spicy aroma and regarding the delicate brown of the crust with an approving eye. Apple pie, Steve's favorite dessert, was to be a special surprise for the family when they got back from the grocery and hardware and postoffice with the countless essential items that a household in process of being established seems to lack.

The scrunch of tires on the gravel driveway heralded the arrival of Steve and the older children. Jane pelted through the door first, her cheeks like Jonathan apples and her dark pigtails flying.

"Oh, Mother, we bought the clothesline and the extra light bulbs and a can of scouring powder and a flashlight and don't you *love* the way hardware stores and garages always smell?"

Vivian laughed, nuzzling the frosty cheek pressed to hers. "To be honest, Janey, I do," she admitted solemnly.

"What smells so good?" Chuck demanded, drawing a long anticipatory breath and sniffing like a bunny. At five-and-a-half, his interest in food transcended all his other interests (which were legion) put together.

"That," Vivian informed him, beginning to serve their plates from the kettles on the hot plate,

"is a deep dark secret that only time will divulge—Where's Daddy?"

"Gone fishing," said Steve from the doorway, coming in with both arms full of parcels. "Get the door for me, Janey—Where can I dump this stuff, honey? On the table?"

"Oh, Steve, *no*!" cried Vivian in alarm. "I'm ready to serve supper, and, so help me, I won't clear that table off again tonight!"

"An ultimatum if ever I heard one," Steve observed with a mock bow. "Very well, madame! How about this laundry tub?"

"Fine, fine." Vivian set the coffee off the other hot plate, handed a plate of food to Jane and one to Chuck, and picked up the other two herself.

Steve unloaded his bundles into the nearest of the double tubs, and came to the table spilling over with exuberance. "Gosh, honey, this is the life! What a set-up Uncle Jake had! Look at the floors—those windows—the fireplaces—"

"The floors are beautiful," Vivian said slowly. Her mind echoed *What a set-up!* But the inflection differed from Steve's.

"When we get used to it, I don't think we'll even mind about the bathroom," Steve went on judiciously. "Of course," he added hastily, "We'll put one in as soon

as we can. Next spring, maybe, if we can handle the payments."

"Daddy—" Jane appealed, her hands folded and her big eyes hungry as they stared at her dinner.

"Oh—sorry, kids!"

Steve bowed his head, and Jane offered the blessing with fervent interpolations from Chuck. Vivian had once lived near a Protestant chapel whose congregation was popularly known as the Shouting Saints. When the children were particularly hungry, their joint blessing never failed to remind her of the prayer sessions held by the Saints during revival meetings.

"... and, thank you, Jesus, for the food—"

"Food!" chimed in Chuck, drowning Jane out.

"—we eat—"

"Eat!" echoed Chuck, ecstatically. As far as Vivian and Steve could determine, he depended solely on volume to carry his petitions to heaven.

"Amen."

"Amen!"

"It's getting colder," Steve observed, relishing his last bite of apple pie, lighting his pipe, and pulling on his old leather jacket. "Got to get in enough wood for the night. Come on, you two! You're going to sit by the fire, too—got to earn your comfort."

"Oh, Daddy, isn't this fun!" Jane was out the door before him, her vitality blowing back into the room on a frosty draft of air.

Wearily, Vivian stacked the dishes, debating whether to wash them or leave them till morning. Her decision was made for her: the lights flickered and unpromisingly went out. That meant she had nothing to heat water on, either! She had just about enough hot water to give the children a "lick and a promise," in lieu of baths, and the dishes *could* wait. . . . Remembering a box of dusty candles on the pantry shelf—*whatever for?* she had thought when she found them—Vivian groped her way across the kitchen, lit a couple, and stuck them in small flowered cheese glasses.

Just lately, in one of the women's magazines, she had read a gushing description of the way to serve meals tastefully. Candlelight for evening was characterized as "the symbol of gracious living." Vivian giggled hysterically. *Gracious living*, with dust in every corner, and half their possessions in packing boxes—but, definitely, they had candle light!

"Hey, what happened in here?"

"The lights went out." And to Steve's quick, "The electricity, or

just the bulb?" her voice was resigned: "The electricity."

"Jumping Josiah!" said Steve simply.

"I like candles," Chuck stated encouragingly.

"Me, too," said Jane.

"Well, one of you reach in Mama's laundry tub and find the flashlight," said Steve dryly. "Or, no, you can't, can you? You've got your arms full, too. Vivian—?"

After a bit of fumbling by the flickering light of a candle, Vivian found the flashlight, and preceded them into the bedroom and then the living room. Steve's magic touch on the living room fire turned it to a picture book scene. Warmth permeated the big room, the flames threw soft golden shadows into every corner. In the mellow atmosphere Vivian relaxed a little from the strain of moving into this strange old house Steve had inherited on his uncle's death. He had often visited in it as a child, and remembered such unusual things as his great-grandmother's fireplace cooking. It was no wonder—with such enchanting memories—that he had chosen to move into the house as soon as it became his. Not for worlds would Vivian have let him realize her own misgivings. Somehow, she would learn to look at it with his roseate optimism. . . .

When Vivian came downstairs after tucking Chuck and Jane into one of the big beds—fat and squishy with a billowing feather bed—the tantalizing aroma of coffee greeted her. It was a delicious and welcome fragrance, but how could Steve be making it with the electricity out of commission?

"Lights come on again?" she asked hopefully.

"Nope!"

"But, Steve—I smell coffee!"

"Sure you do. I'm making some." His grin was teasing.

Vivian looked at him bewilderedly, and then, in the fireplace, she saw how: on a three-legged tripod of some kind, with coals raked carefully under and around it, sat the coffee pot, perking leisurely and cheerfully in rich golden-brown bubbles.

She leaned back in the big chair, sipping the cup Steve handed her, and relaxed in the soft flickering light of the candles and the fire. For the first time the big old house, built to shelter not merely a family but generations of a family, seemed to

welcome her.

"Candlelight," she informed Steve lazily and whimsically, "is the symbol of gracious living. Did you know that?"

She had expected him to laugh, but he didn't. "I think a fireplace is," he said seriously.

"Or maybe," said Vivian slowly, "if there's enough—graciousness in the heart, we don't need symbols."

"No," Steve disagreed, "people do need them. They see symbols everywhere. Even I do, and I'm as unimaginative as the next guy."

Vivian remembered suddenly her fleeting—not too apt—analogy between the leaves and life. It was wrong, she thought, life isn't drab and arid like withered leaves. It's merely subdued in coloring, so that everyday living may know serenity. The gold and scarlet leaves are for contrast, to emphasize both kinds of loveliness: homely, often difficult and weary tasks done for love; and the moments, like tonight, when love itself shines through without a veil.

Mrs. Newlywed—"Boo-hoo. The dog ate all the nice cookies I baked for you."

Mr. Newlywed—"Don't cry, honey. We'll get another dog."

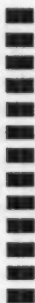
—*Victorian Magazine*



Photo by
Meinrad
Kinder,
O.S.B.

T
war
an o
telli
the
gins
silver
them
man
gins
sacr
will.
of

HOW TO STAY YOUNG



By Liam Brophy

Youth is not a time of life . . . but a state of mind
Years only wrinkle the skin,
but the loss of enthusiasm wrinkles the soul.

THE notion still persists that men age from the feet upwards. The truth is, of course, as an old Turkish proverb has been telling the world for a long time, the process of growing old begins at the other end. Not that silver hair or baldness are in themselves the marks of an old man. The process of ageing begins in the internal forum, in the sacred and tense silence of the will. We know that for the sake of the organization of social

groups, from the factory to the university, men must be grouped and classified according to their chronological age. School classes are fixed by age groups. The period of retirement is also determined by the age of the workers. It would be far wiser and less wasteful if individuals could be grouped according to physiological age, though it would lead to some startling differences in the granting of pensions. Some are licked at forty, others are fit

as a fiddle at eighty, and in the end the good die young, which is to say, as the Greeks meant it to say, that the good are always young in head and heart, no matter at what point of their chronological or physiological career death finds them.

We of this scientific age have come to believe that all our problems are external to ourselves, and as science can deal in a very thorough manner with externals then everything ought be cleared up—that is, before everything is cleared away.

Science has lengthened the span of human life, and, with more wisdom than the king in Aesop's fable, is contriving by a youth serum to keep our bodies at the bouncing baby vitality.

Firstly, let us consider the solution of the "youth serum."

It has been discovered by Dr. Emmanuel Jean Sobieski of Paris. So far the Soviets have not claimed to have known about it twenty years ago. Columnist Bob Ruark reports the doctor as saying that only eight percent of the people treated by the serum have failed to kick the slats out of their stall. "The rest neigh shrilly, arch their necks and paw the ground." Ruark does not share Doctor Sobieski's vision of endless vitality, with "the old bucks

shouldering the young out of the way, the beldames clawing at the debutantes, and the world so full of energetic people that there would be no peace anywhere." And he asks very pertinently: "What is the earthly use of perfecting a nostrum for keeping mankind vital indefinitely, when we already own the copyright on the weapon which can cut him down before his time?"

If science can keep the tissues tingling with vitality, maintain the blood at the fever heat of first love, then the world will become a vast *Tir-na-nog*, compared with which the Irish myth of the Land of the Eternally Young was but a drab piece of impracticable dreaming. And yet, what a fate awaits the injected ones if their bodies are to bounce briskly about while their minds shrivel towards silly senility.

General MacArthur, at seventy, is rightly regarded as one of the most manly of men, the hero type that mothers hold up as an example to their sons, a man of amazing verve, vitality and versatility. He is manifestly a man in whom weakness has no part. And this message hangs above his desk: "Youth is not a time of life. It is a state of mind. Nobody grows old merely by living a number of years. People grow old by deserting their ideals.

Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul." The word I should like to high-light in that magnificent message is "enthusiasm." In its clear mintage enthusiasm means "living in God." And because only a saint could say, as St. Paul did, "Behold I live, now not I, but Christ lives in me," the only "enthused" people—persons wrapped up in God—are the saints.

Sanctity, therefore, is the best youth serum. Consider how the life-forces of a man living in and for God are concentrated and strengthened, how his conscientiousness is taken up and held perpetually in an ecstasy of endeavour, how little fatigue or faintness afflict him.

Saints, alas, are rare, but we may see a similar process in artists in their best moments. They are lifted outside themselves, are "possessed," hold the note of inspiration at top pitch till their work is accomplished, and their "daemon" lets them go. Outside those choice moments of creation, of course, they may be as shoddy as the rest of mortals, and are often tantalizingly temperamental. Poets are still the *genus irritabile*, and musicians in off hours have been known to be outrageously rude. We, the legion of the unheroic, uninspired and

ordinary folk, have known the white heat of ecstasy for some moments at least—in listening to great music, or in reading poetry that seems the voice of our own inarticulate longings. But we too easily slip back into our habitual staleness, and continue down the slope of life where we left off.

But sanctity is the youth serum that produces lasting results—everlastingly. The Divine Command to become *as* little children was no merely courteous wayside chat. It began as abruptly and imperatively as a legal letter, "Unless you become—" Christ did not merely indicate that it would be a charming thing to become young. He laid it down as a condition of entry into Heaven. Which leads us to conclude that there will be no crabbed spirits in Heaven.

By the Grace of God and the intensity of our willing it, we can, we must, become young again. By purifying our hearts and, more than all, by awakening the child's sense of wonder in ourselves, so that every dawn is as miraculous as the creation of the cosmos, and every common bush is afire with the face of God, by selfless love, by looking forward to all the permutations of time, we can begin to make our way back to God, to be really "enthusiastic"—filled with God.

BEATITUDES IN REVERSE

Woe to those who are weighed down and fettered by worldly possessions, for theirs is the kingdom of hell.



Woe to the grasping and avaricious, for they shall not possess the earth.

Woe to those who never suffer heartache or feel any distress over the troubles of others, for they shall go forever unconsolated.



Woe to those who trample on the rights of others and never hunger for justice, for they shall go eternally unsatisfied.

Woe to the cruel and the ruthless, for they shall not obtain mercy.



Woe to the impure of heart and those who live for wanton pleasures, for they shall not see God.

Woe to the warmongers and the haters of peace, for they shall be called the children of Satan.



Woe to those who give up the cause of justice to avoid suffering persecution, for theirs is the kingdom of hell.



ot



ad
ly



or



void
hell.



Photo by Meinrad Kinder, O.S.B.

The Veteran

resting in the sun

MURDER

at VICO- VARO



BY

WALTER SULLIVAN, O.S.B.

The Vicovaro poison plot was instrumental in arousing Benedict to the danger of wholesale monastic degeneracy . . .

ACROSS the valley of the Anio the long shadows of evening moved stealthily, scaling like invading spirits of evil up the walls of the cliff until they reached the rock-bound monastery of Vicovaro. Alone on the rocky top of the cliff stood a monk watching the darkness climb up from the valley. The red gleams of the setting sun bronzed his hollow cheeks as he

stood there, graceful and reverent like the man of God that he was and the last of the great Romans.

His whole personality seemed absorbed in an act of prayer which overflowed from his heart and expressed itself in the wistful upward look and the reverent stance of his body.

So absorbed was he in his converse with God that he did not

hear my footsteps as I came up from the underground passageway that led to the monastery. For a full minute I waited, reverently hesitating to interrupt the monk's devotion. Then I called softly to him: "Abbot Benedict."

Without surprise the abbot turned around, a kindly smile curving his lips: "God be with you, Brother Fidelis," he said. "Is it time?"

"Yes, Father Abbot," I replied, "it is almost time for the bell of Compline. I come to ask if I may speak with you afterward."

"It must be a serious thing, Brother," said the Abbot, "for which you break the night silence."

"It is serious," I declared with suppressed excitement. "I am afraid to wait until morning."

While he was yet speaking the deep-throated bell reechoed from the depths of the monastery grotto, calling the community of Vicovaro to the evening prayer of Compline.

ABBOT Benedict found me waiting outside his cell, and invited me within. In the center of the room the monks had shaped the original rock in the form of a table. Upon this rude table burned a candle illuminating the cells, and softening the crudeness of the interior.

"Well, Brother Fidelis," began Abbot Benedict, "be brief with your message, for it is not fitting to speak much after the night silence."

"It is only this, Father Abbot," I explained, looking cautiously back into the dark corridor, and almost whispering, "It is only this . . . that I am afraid in this place."

"Afraid?" said the Abbot in surprise as he looked closer at me, "What are you afraid of here? This is God's house. Of course, I know that the brethren are rough men, but they are pious. . . at least most of them are pious. . ." he amended.

"I am not afraid for myself, Father Abbot," I replied, "it is for

Old Wine in New Bottles

A Grail gem from a past issue

you that I am afraid."

"For me?" gasped Abbot Benedict with emphasis on the pronoun.

"Yes, for you," I whispered with some reluctance. "I have seen things since I came here. I have watched our brethren, and I do not trust some of them. They hate you because you are too strict with the rule. I heard them say so many times. The last abbot here was easy-going, and let them live as they pleased. They are used to a soft life. They say that you are too hard on them, and they will not put up with it. I am afraid for you, Father Abbot."

"So the brethren hate me, do they?" mused Abbot Benedict sadly. "I am not surprised, Brother Fidelis; I have long suspected it. I have tried to be loved rather than feared, but our brethren love only one thing, their own sweet self-will. However, I am not afraid of them, come what may."

"But if you could see the way that Brother Malo and Brother Cuthroc look at you when you turn your back you would be afraid as I am," I insisted in a louder tone of voice. "Brother Malo looks at you as though he would like to stab you in the back."

Abbot Benedict's smile was a mixture of amusement at my alarm, and sadness at the truth that lay behind the words I had just said.

"Judge not, Brother Fidelis," corrected the Abbot gently. "You may be all wrong about our poor brother. An Abbot must not be too suspicious of the brethren, or he shall never have rest. Malo is indeed, a surly and black-mooded man, but he is not a murderer. Brothers Malo and Cuthroc are spoiled by their own way; and I know that these two dislike me most of all because I use the healing medicine of the rule on their perverse wills."

"And you are not afraid at all?" I declared with some surprise.

"For myself, no," continued the Abbot seriously, "but for the souls of my poor brethren who follow no rule of life except their own pleasure I am afraid. Whatever they decide to do they call holy, and whatever displeases them they consider unholy and stupid. 'There are ways that seem right to some men, but these same ways lead to the depths of hell.' That is what I am afraid of. Now we have talked long enough, Brother Fidelis, and you must get your rest if you are to be up for Matins at twelve. Good night, and God be with you."

"God be with you, Father Abbot," I responded as I left the cell.

At the far end of the tunneled corridor burned a lantern casting long flickering shadows against

the stone walls as I walked softly to my cell.

It was the second watch of the night before I could relax enough to sleep. The stone ledge under the window that formed my bed seemed harder than usual. Some-time between the second watch and midnight I awoke suddenly. There was something cold pressing against my throat like a piece of ice. A dark shadow was leaning over me. I could see the outline of a monk's hood against the lantern light that shown dimly through the cell door.

"Don't cry out!" commanded a voice close to my ear. "Keep quiet and you will not be harmed."

I lifted my hand to my throat, and felt there the keen edge of a knife. I trembled involuntarily as I recognized the knife's owner, Brother Malo.

"I come to warn you, brother, to keep your mouth shut, and your eyes closed around here," continued the voice in the dark. "I heard what you said to Benedict tonight. You talk too much... entirely too much... do you hear?"

"Yes... yes, I hear," I whispered hoarsely, "don't hurt me Brother Malo."

The cold blade was removed and placed in the monk's belt. The owner of the knife chuckled unpleasantly as he walked noiselessly out of my room.

I rubbed my throat and sat upon the edge of my stone bed. There was no more sleep for me that night.

But the following day I passed by Abbot Benedict's cell, but I did not go in. The cold pressure of Malo's knife on my throat was still a vivid nightmare. Once I passed close to Brother Malo on my way back from the spring with water. He gave me a look that was as good as a blow in the face.

Towards evening Abbot Benedict called me to his cell. There was a visitor there, the monk, Romanus, from a neighboring monastery near Subiaco. I could say nothing of my night adventure in the presence of a stranger.

"Brother Fidelis," said the Abbot, "our guest, Brother Romanus, has walked many miles from his monastery, and is tired and thirsty. Take this cup and bring him some wine from the cellar."

With a lighted candle in one hand and the cup in the other I went down the steps below the grotto and entered the gloomy wine cellar. I set the candle on the floor beside the nearest barrel and prepared to fill the cup. While I was occupied in loosening the bung in the barrel I heard voices upstairs, and the footfalls of someone coming down the steps into the cellar. The voices I recognized as Brother Malo's and

Brother Cuthroc's. Without stopping to think of the consequences of my action I placed the cup on the floor, blew out the candle, and groped my way to the empty wine barrel in the far corner of the cellar. Holding the candle stub in my hand, I climbed into the barrel and crouched there, my heart knocking against my ribs like a bell clapper.

Brother Malo entered the cellar first, bearing the lantern. I could see his face through a crack in the barrel. I could see his eyes shining from the shadows of his hood as he surveyed the cellar. Behind Brother Malo walked Brother Cuthroc, the Goth, and Brother Lepardo. It was Malo who spoke first.

"This is a good place, Cuthroc," he said, "as good a place as you could find. We shall not be disturbed here."

Brother Cuthroc was sniffing the damp air as he answered. "It is strange, Malo, but it seems to me that I smell fresh candle smoke in here."

Someone laughed. It was Brother Lepardo. "It would be strange if you did not smell it, Cuthroc," he observed, "for that lantern of yours is smoking like a volcano. It is the wet air of this place."

"We are safe enough here," grumbled Malo as he squatted down on the stone floor. "That

nosey Fidelis will keep away from me, I think. I gave him a lesson on silence last night. No one else ever comes here but Lepardo, and he is the cellarer."

I shivered inside the damp wine barrel, and almost suffocated trying to hold back a sneeze.

Brother Malo was speaking again: "The time has come, brothers," he said with passion, "to rid ourselves of Benedict. I never liked him from the start, but the others begged him to be our abbot. Now look at us... bending and bowing before a man who makes our life wretched with his ranting about obedience and discipline. Would to God that we had Abbot Servandus back again. There was an abbot, now! We lived decent and comfortable under Servandus, and we had some freedom, but this place is like a prison since this Benedict came with his rules and his obedience. I obey God but no man, brothers. Why should the poor brethren suffer this man any longer? What does a hermit know about running a monastery of monks? The brothers made a mistake in asking him to be abbot, but we ought to correct the mistake for the sake of the others."

"But there are some of the brothers who want him to stay, and who are satisfied," declared Brother Lepardo.

"Who are they?" hissed Malo vehemently, "a few neck-benders who run like a scared rabbit at his every beck and call, and are afraid to speak up and say what they think. Me, I'm not afraid to speak up. He knows that he can't bluff me, and he's through bluffing the rest of us if I have my way, brothers."

"He has been asked to leave and go back to Subiaco," remarked Brother Cuthroc, "but he believes that the majority want him to stay. You will find him stubborn, Malo, and ambitious."

"Well I know it," said Brother Malo, "I asked him to go, and I asked him right peaceable like, but he said that my kind did not represent the will of the brethren. He's stubborn, but, brothers, I have a cure for his stubbornness right here." Malo opened a leather bag and poured a pinch of black looking powder in to the palm of his hand.

"What is it, Malo?" asked Brother Lepardo.

"This is a famous cure for stubborn abbots," grinned Malo, "a handful of this in a cup of table wine will finish Abbot Benedict."

"Poison," observed Brother Lepardo. "You would poison him? Why that would be murder. We are not murderers, Brother Malo."

Malo shook his head: "Don't call it murder, Lepardo. Call it

tyrannicide. We free ourselves from our insufferable tyrant. I act only for the common good, brothers. I would be the last to suggest poison, if there were any other way to free ourselves."

Lepardo seemed half convinced. His own evil perversion had not yet reached the level of Brother Malo's whose self-will would stop at nothing.

"Bless me, Malo," exclaimed Cuthroc in admiration, "but you make it seem almost virtuous to poison an abbot. I believe that you could canonize the devil."

"Fill that cup with wine, Cuthroc," ordered Malo; "Now watch me as I season it with poison."

I strained my eye to the crack in the barrel. I could see Malo empty a handful of powder into the large wine cup, and hold it up to the lantern light.

"There now," declared Malo triumphantly, "there is a drink worthy of Abbot Benedict. See how clear the wine becomes. It looks as good as it did before, but it is a cure for stubbornness. Have a drink, Lepardo?"

"No thanks, I'm not thirsty," said Lepardo with a shudder as he watched the powder dissolve in the wine cup.

Malo laughed as he held the cup of death. "You, Lepardo," he said, turning to the cellarer, "will wait on the table tonight as usual.

Before the prayers are said you will bring the cup of wine and place it before our beloved abbot as you are wont to do. After the blessing Benedict will taste the wine as usual for the last time. It is all very simple, is it not, brothers?"

His question was interrupted by a sneeze from my wine barrel. I felt it coming and tried to choke it by sneezing into the sleeve of my tunic. Brother Malo spun around and glared into my corner of the wine cellar.

"What was that?" he exclaimed.

"Maybe it was a rat," suggested Brother Cuthroc rising from a sitting posture on the floor.

"A rat?" said Malo with cruel inflexion, as he walked over to my barrel with the lantern in his hand. "No, that was no rat. I think that we have company, brothers . . . unwelcome company."

I cannot describe my terror as the light of Malo's lantern discovered me crouching in the bottom of the barrel. I knew that I was in for it and I steeled myself for the worst.

"Aha," cried Malo as he pulled me from the barrel, "aha, here is your rat, Cuthroc . . . a rat who has an ear-ful for Abbot Benedict, but who will never squeal again..." Here I felt my arm gripped as in a vice and I was marched across the cellar and

forced to sit on the floor. The desperate faces of these wayward men robbed me of all hope.

Malo gave the lantern to Lepardo, and took up the wine cup filled with deadly poison. "I'm sure that you are thirsty, Brother Fidelis," said Malo with polite sarcasm, "Drink, now, drink a toast to Abbot Benedict." Here he shoved the cup into my hands, and forced it toward my lips.

"No, no!" interrupted Lepardo pulling Malo's sleeve until the poisoned wine ran down over his fingers, "not that, Malo. Even if he did listen, not that!"

Malo scowled at his confrere: "Well . . . what then?" he snarled.

It was Cuthroc who spoke next: "Here is a better idea, Malo," he cried grimly as he pulled his knife from its sheath. "It is not murder, and it will help our brother to observe perpetual silence!"

Saying this he forced open my mouth and with a deft stroke of the knife severed the leaders of my tongue. I jerked loose from Malo spilling the poisoned wine on the floor as I did so. Blood filled my mouth and ran down my chin. I opened my mouth to scream but my tongue dangled helplessly, and I could make only a sickly croak.

Malo pointed to the cellar door. "You may go now, brother," he said sharply, "and you may tell the good abbot Benedict how his

beloved brethren have plotted to poison him at supper tonight. Now get out of here."

I stumbled up the two flights of steps until I reached the first level. My bleeding tongue throbbed in agony until I washed my mouth with cold water from the spring and stopped the blood. I tried to speak but only queer noises came from my throat. As I returned from the spring I met the community on the way to the refectory for supper. Brother Malo and Cuthroc were in ranks. Brother Lepardo stood close to the head of the table holding the usual cup of wine. I knew what was in that cup. I knew it by the sinister expression of satisfaction on the faces of Malo, Cuthroc, and Lepardo.

I could not write a warning to the Abbot, for I had never learned to write... I could not speak. I stepped aside as the senior monks passed into the refectory. As Abbot Benedict passed by I tugged at his scapular. The abbot was walking with the guest, monk Brother Romanus.

"What is it, Brother Fidelis?" he said severely, "Why did you not obey and bring the wine to our guest?" Then noticing my expression of dumb agony and appeal, he said gently: "Why, you seem very ill, Brother. Come to

see me after the evening meal," and pulling away from me, he passed to his place at the head of the long monastic table.

As I stood there in the junior's place at the other end of the table I was miserable because of my helplessness. What could I do? I observed Brother Malo and Brother Cuthroc glowering at me from where they stood. I did not care. I must stop Abbot Benedict before he tasted the poisoned wine. I would dash forward and knock the cup from the Abbot's hands before he drank it: or better still I would hurl my own cup at that fatal vessel before the Abbot touched it. I gripped my wine cup under my scapular ready to throw it when the blessing would be given. Tears filled my eyes as Lepardo set the cup of wine on the table before the Abbot, and Benedict began the grace before supper.

"Benedicite," intoned the Abbot.

"Benedicite," responded the monks.

"Lord have mercy on us: Christ have mercy on us: Lord have mercy on us."

Abbot Benedict was invoking the blessing: "Bless us, O Lord, and these Thy gifts which we are about to receive from Thy bounty through Christ Our Lord. Amen."

The reader was about to ask a blessing on his reading, but something happened which made the words stick in his throat.

As though a stone had been hurled at the cup of wine it was shattered into a hundred pieces, the wine running across the top of the table in a tiny red stream like the trickle of blood.

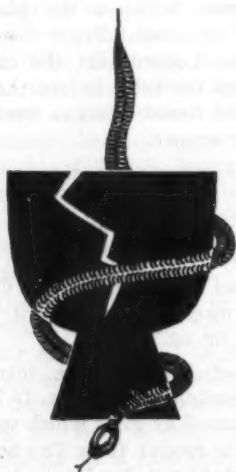
Every face was strained towards the Abbot who had turned very pale, and was about to speak. The reader stood where he was like a statue. In that moment I was stricken with a new kind of fear... the fear that comes from the close presence of God and a

miracle. I had watched the cup, fascinated by the innocent looking messenger of death; no one had touched it since Lepardo placed it before the Abbot. In my hand I still gripped the pewter cup which I was going to throw, and did not throw. With trembling hand I placed the cup back on the table.

Could it be that the Abbot's blessing had shattered the poison cup? Tears filled my eyes at this realization of what had happened... tears of joy at Benedict's escape... and tears of admiration for Abbot Benedict whose holiness had such power with God.

Even then as he rose to speak Abbot Benedict had lost nothing of his habitual calm and peace. There was no shocked anger in his voice. There was only reproach and deep sadness which called to my mind the sadness of Jesus when he reproached Judas Iscariot in the garden of Olivet. There was the silence of death in the refectory. Malo and Cuthroc were staring at the Abbot as though they had seen a ghost.

"My brethren," said Abbot Benedict sadly, "may Almighty God have mercy on you. You have tried to kill me today, for if this cup could not endure the sign of the cross it must have held a deadly poison. My brothers, why would you treat me this way?



Did I not tell you in the beginning that my ways and yours would never agree? Go then and seek an abbot according to your own way of life, for I can be your abbot no longer. May God forgive you, brethren."

With these words he left his place at the head of the table, and walked calmly towards the door. Not one of the monks raised his voice, so stunned were they by what had happened. They could not realize that they had that night lost a well beloved and kindly father who had only the welfare of their souls at heart. Romanus, the guest monk, followed Benedict from the table.

As I saw my beloved abbot and friend leaving forever the ill-fated monastery of Vicovaro, a sensation of desperate loneliness seized me. If Benedict leaves, I can stay here no longer I thought. With this fear of losing someone precious and holy, I ran from the table and followed Benedict out

of the refectory. As I caught up with him he turned gently towards me.

"Ah, it is you, Brother Fidelis," he said, "What shall I do for you, little brother?"

I managed to kneel at his feet and by my signs I implored a blessing from him. The man of God raised his eyes to heaven and silently made the sign of the cross over me. I knew at once that I was healed, for my poor tongue no longer dangled helplessly in my mouth. A wonderful feeling of peace accompanied the miracle, and I felt happier than at any moment of my life.

The man of God noticed the change in me and remarked: "What is it, my son? Why do you look so strange?"

"It is my tongue, dear Father," I cried, "You have healed it."

Benedict smiled: "No, my son," he corrected, "God in His great mercy has healed you. Give Him thanks forever, Brother Fidelis."

An optimist laughs to forget; a pessimist forgets to laugh.

—*St. Cloud Advocate*

BY JOSEPH M. MILLER

Saints Around Our Deathbed

There is nothing morbid
about the death of a good Christian
for he hears the roll-call of the Saints
who wait to welcome him
into ETERNAL LIFE.

THE ritual of the Church, never a random thing, is especially pointed as it resounds in the ears of those who stand around a death bed. The Litany of the Saints, like some tremendous roll-call of those especially blessed by God, salutes those already gone to Him in behalf of the sufferer as well as those who watch him suffer. The man who has heard this Litany never forgets its power. Always the memory will be with him that one before him saluted these Saints, and that he can do no better than to salute them in his turn.

Yet who are the Saints invoked here? Most of us would be hard put indeed if we were called upon to identify the Patrons of the Dying, yet each of us will some day need the help of each of those Patrons. Naturally we know that Our Mother, preserved herself from corrup-

tion after death, is going to be at our side when the moment arrives. After all, we reason, she who watched our Brother, her First Born, as He died in agony, will not hesitate to shelter her other children as they need her. Remembering her great love for us, we automatically call upon her first. To her, the first salute.

Amazingly enough, to those unfamiliar with the thought of the Church, the name which immediately follows that of our Mother is not that of St. Joseph. Saint Abel, pray for him! This is the next plea to meet our ears. Abel, of course, is invoked as a Saint though he lived before the time of Christ, because we know that all the Just of the Old Law are in Heaven, the elect of God. The Book of Genesis tells us that "the Lord had regard to Abel and his offerings," which is



to say that Abel lived as God wished him to live, offering himself with every sacrifice. Besides this, we know that Abel was the first of this human family to undergo death, the leader among the children who received the punishment destined for all. Therefore do we salute the first among us by crying out to him, "St. Abel, pray for our dying brother."

All we know about the death of Abraham, the next to come before us as the panorama passes, is that "Abraham's life span was one hundred and seventy-five years when he expired. He died at a good old age, an old man, after a full life, and was gathered to his kinsmen. His sons Isaac and Ismael buried him in the cave of Machphela, facing Mamre, in the field of Ephron the

Hethite, the son of Sohar. Abraham was buried with his wife Sara in the field which he had bought from the Hethites" (Genesis 25, 7-10). Knowing this, however, we know that his death was as exemplary as his life, and that he, the Father of the Chosen people will not neglect their descendants who must follow him. And for this reason we, who are about to die, salute him.

After Abraham, we move to John the Baptist. Because he was the last martyr of the Old Testament, a hero among so many heroes, and the first martyr of the New Testament, a disciple among so many disciples, we may not pass his name without the bowed head of respectful honor. Unlike Abraham, his death was not one of peace, in the company of those who loved him; and because many of us will be forced to die in like circumstances, unafraid, alone, defending the law of God, we beg his help also. Our salute is due him because he was the first to tell of love to those who would hear no Kingdom but a Tyranny of fear, because his words slashed athwart the conscience of an immoral king and an incestuous queen. Because his words brought death to him, we who may find ourselves in his position some day salute him.

Only now do we come to the name with which all are familiar. St. Joseph takes his place in the procession that passes, and the deepest homage of all is paid to him who was so privileged as to die in the arms of his Foster-Child, blessed by the presence of Him who gives life

as well as takes it from us. As first Patron of a happy death, St. Joseph is especially willing to help those of us who are about to die.

After begging notice from Joseph, we next fly to the care of the Apostles. By name we call upon Peter, Paul, Andrew, and John, seeking assistance. First Peter, of whose impetuous nature, bluntness, strength, weakness, and bravado we have heard so much. Strangely enough, despite all that we have heard about him, we know little of why he should be invoked as a patron of the dying. Yet the most intriguing thing about Peter is really the courage with which he begged to be crucified head downward, since he felt unworthy to die in the same position as his Divine Master, and would not be guilty of the presumption of imitating God. And Paul—conquering death again and again; surviving the bite of poisonous snakes, saving a boat from capsizing with all on board, fleeing death always until his time should come, then willingly seeking it as his due. Like his brother, Simon Peter, Andrew was crucified. And, like Peter, Andrew is invoked that we may learn to imitate his heroism.

But why, it may be asked, call on John. He is, after all, the only Apostle who died a natural death. In itself, this is the explanation. Since so few of us will die as martyrs, we must have an ideal to follow in our natural death—and who is more suited to be our helper than John, the Beloved?

So the list goes on. We remember that "A voice was heard in Rama, weeping and loud lamentation; Rachel weeping for her children, and she would not be comforted because they are no more." And remembering this, we ask the children who were so quickly snatched from this life to become venerated as the Holy Innocents if they will not aid us who are about to die. St. Stephen, too, comes to our mind. It was he who, at the moment of death saw the "glory of God, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God," as we are told in the Acts of the Apostles; our prayer to him, then, is that when our time comes to go forth we may forgive as he forgave and may be "full of the Holy Spirit" so that we can cry out with our last breath, "Lord Jesus, receive my Spirit!"

Chronological exactitude brings Lawrence, the Deacon, before us next. Remembering the joyful "Turn me over, I'm done on this side" with which he met the horrible death of being roasted over a slow fire, we cannot help praying that our strength will be somewhat equal to his. Although the humor may not be forthcoming, we may at least pray that complaints will be absent. To this extent, we who are about to die salute Lawrence, gloriously living.

With Popes like Sylvester I and Gregory the Great, as well as all who died gloriously in Christ; with the Penitent-Bishop Augustine, whom we see shedding such bitter tears over the tomb of his mother,

Monica; with Benedict, dying in the chapel and ascending to heaven by a path garlanded and ornamented for the occasion; with Francis, adding to his Canticle of the Sun a magnificent strophe in honor of his Sister Death; with Camillus, spending his life in a labor of love for the dying, and founding an order whose very name, Fathers of a Good Death, betokens its care for the suffering; with John of God, founding the Brothers Hospitallers and spending his life in nursing at the Grand Hospital of Granada; with Mary Magdalen, privileged to witness the actual death of Him Who died for all, and first witness of the fact that He conquered death for all; with Lucy, privileged to shed blood which was to become the seed to bring forth new fruit; with all the holy men and women of God surrounding a deathbed, we know that one who is about to die can suffer no harm. The result of this knowledge is the heartfelt invocation of each of them to come now and strengthen all who are about to die.

And so we have come through the ages, summoning a representative from every class of the Just of all

times. All who have gone before us receive our prayers as we stand around the bed of one who is dying. And knowing that they have heard our prayer and have joined us here, we dare to command him:

"Go forth, O Christian soul, from this world, in the Name of God the Father who created you; in the Name of Jesus Christ, Son of the Living God, who suffered for you; in the Name of the Holy Ghost who is poured out upon you; in the name of the glorious and holy Mother of God, the Virgin Mary; in the name of St. Joseph, the loudly praised spouse of that same Virgin; in the name of the Angels and Archangels, of the Thrones and Dominations, of the Principles and Powers, of the Virtues, Cherubim, and Seraphim; in the name of the Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles and Evangelists, Martyrs and Confessors, Monks and Hermits, Virgins and Widows, and of all the holy men and women of God."

Under such guardianship as this, no one need be afraid to go forth. Therefore we, who are about to die, salute them all that they may be with us when we follow after them.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"The doctor who wrote the article (in the July issue) says that voluntary health insurance is the answer; all it costs, so he says, is twenty to twenty-five cents a day. What he overlooks is the fact that all the people who need health insurance are the ones who can't afford that twenty cents a day. We also need a lot of new hospitals, down here. Another thing, hospitals and doctors are pushing Blue Cross, etc., because that way they will be sure of getting their money. Many sharecroppers and fishermen down here are nowhere near a doctor or hospital, so the Blue Cross won't help them much. Back in the thirties the Social Security Act was also going to lead us to Socialism and it too was labeled Socialistic."

Ignatius M. Roppolo
New Orleans, Louisiana

"The incendiary article by Q. M. Mattingly in the September Grail was no answer at all to Dr. Szujewski's masterpiece against Socialized Medicine. It was an unwarranted and rather silly attack on the American Medical Association."

John J. Malley, Detroit, Mich.

"It is inconceivable how the vile and malignant article, *Doctor, Your Propaganda Is Showing*, would be permitted to be printed in your magazine which is presumed to be for the Christian family and with Episcopal approbation."

Flint Bondurant, M.D.
Cairo, Illinois.

"Re *Grail*, XXXII, number nine, Sept. 1950, pages one to six. Good job. Needed doing."

Marshall Smelser, Notre Dame

"Mr. Charles Q. Mattingly's excellent article, *Doctor Your Propaganda Is Showing*, deserves the widest attention of all thoughtful Americans—physicians and laymen alike.

"In the face of heavy pressure from the medical lobby everywhere on editors, you are to be congratulated on your adherence to the American practice of presenting both sides of a controversial subject and letting your readers make up their own minds."

Frederick Robin
Washington, D.C.

"As for the article in your September issue on the sins of the A.M.A., it is typical of the pressure from the socializers. The article has nothing to do with whether we shall have socialized medicine or not. It merely proves that the doctors are human, and that they have instincts of self-preservation.... Just because we have proven that the doctors are human shall we rush into the arms of the socialists? ... I am not adverse to having our sins exposed but I am against having it used to further a cause which could not bring about anything except far worse sins."

Don M. Lies, D.D.S.
Aurora, Ill.



It's a long time to Christmas



but you can avoid that last minute hunt for an appropriate gift

by taking a moment now to write down the names of your friends who would like to receive the Grail. It is a gift you can be proud of... pleasant and profitable reading for twelve long months.

If we get your order before December 15, your friends will receive a gift card in your name with their Christmas issue.

For 1 year \$2.00 • 3 years \$5.00

Name..... ☐ one year
Address..... ☐ three years
City..... Zone..... State..... Check if this subscription is
Sign Gift card: From..... ☐ NEW or a
☐ RENEWAL

Name..... ☐ one year
Address..... ☐ three years
City..... Zone..... State..... Check if this subscription is
Sign Gift card: From..... ☐ NEW or a
☐ RENEWAL

Sometimes marriage
seems like a dead-end
street . . . and Carol thought
that this was it.

SHE found him in the church.
He was huddled into a
corner, his hair rumpled and
his mouth slack. He was snoring
—the heavy, coarse snoring of a
drunk.

She drew the tan polo coat
closer around her slender neck as
the trembling which had been
held back since she first started
to look for him, attacked in force,
and shook her until her teeth
chattered. The cold reached her
heart and gripped it, and her eyes,
naturally brown and soft, became
opaque and dull. Her still young
mouth tightened at the corners
and the ice invading her limbs
hardened the fluid lines of her
face into a mask of inanity.
This, then, was the end; the end
of five long years of trying to
change back this "thing" into the
man she had married.

It seemed easy enough in the
beginning. After all, Jim did only
the usual amount of drinking, at
parties, on vacations. The real
benders occurred at first only at
infrequent intervals. Selling in-
surance and being good at it al-



Threefo



for the Future

BY ELIZABETH FARR

most required that kind of conviviality, and his earnings increased rapidly. The easy, laughing, teasing charm which first attracted a rather solemn, serious-minded girl, seemed to increase under the stimulus of alcohol and it was only when the charm began to need that priming that she began to worry.

"Look, dear," she said, "I don't mind your getting tight, really. It's just that lately—well, you sort of grab for it. And Jim, I don't like to say this, but now, after even a few, you get a bit sloppy. Last night Mr. Burdette stopped being amused and got just plain bored. I don't think you'll get that policy, dear."

Well, of course it was a mistake to tackle him when he was having a hangover, but even so, she was startled when he turned on her so viciously.

"For Pete's sake, Carol, stop preaching. Suppose I don't get that stuffed shirt's premium. We aren't starving. You weren't figuring on a new fur coat or anything, were you?"

In sick dismay, she heard the sneer in his voice and saw it reflected on a mouth usually so curved with laughter and good humor. He was sorry afterward, of course, but that didn't stop similar scenes. His earnings very gradually began to slip, but that

didn't worry her nearly so much as the way he was taking his failures. More and more, it became necessary to forget them, always with the aid of a bottle or a bar. She became alarmed then; scolded, pleaded, cried. And because now, when he came out of his stupors, he was himself a little frightened, he listened willingly, and promised—and promised—and promised.

The night when, very drunk, he had cruelly twisted her arm, she had left him, and tried for three long weeks to live without him. It hadn't worked. She loved him. And when he pleaded his need, and cried out his remorse, she came back. For a while, he stopped drinking entirely and she did a lot of hoping and a little praying, too. Automatic praying. She had been a routine Catholic all her life and when she married him, Jim had been an active Catholic, too. But gradually, after the Saturday night parties, he found it more and more difficult to get up on Sunday mornings, and she would go resentfully to Mass alone. She argued with him, begged him to talk to a priest, threatened to consult with one herself, but he didn't pay any attention. She gave up trying. He has to help *himself*, she thought. What good could anyone else, even a priest, do?

Then came the horrible night when he did not come home at all, when her desperate floor pacing was interrupted only by frantic calls to hospitals and finally to the police. He got back to the apartment at six o'clock, still groggy, with his head lolling and his eyes blank. She was so hideously frightened that his arriving, safe and sound—and still drunk—seemed an insult to her emotions, and she actually beat at his face with her fists. The very shock of that moment of fury had calmed her, and she managed to get him finally to bed. Later, she was violently sick in the bathroom, retching up disgust at him, and shame for herself. Leaving him this time was much easier. Bitterness had eaten away her pity and was gnawing at her love.

She found a job and began bending every bit of energy and courage she possessed to making a new life for herself. And when he discovered her new address, and came again and again to beg her to return to him, she refused with a new hardness in the refusal. She never let him know the hours of agonized, lonely crying with which she exhausted herself into sleep each time he left her. Toughening her heart and insulating her soul, she refused defiantly even to pray any more.

But one night when he threw himself on the floor beside her, burying his dark hair in her lap, she had to restrain her stiffened fingers from touching that once so beloved, now so humiliated head. And she knew, with a poignancy that broke down all defenses, that somehow she must try again to reach and help him. So, when he raised his face to hers, bleary, bloodshot eyes begging her mercy, she yielded yet another time and they were together again.

And together they planned this little trip—the money Carol had saved from her salary was made to serve—and the promises he so fervently gave her—"Before Heaven, Carol, not another drop"—held for a feverishly happy fortnight. She began by then to hope again; there was morning in her heart. And then last night, he had simply disappeared from the little room they had taken in this pretty, quiet, Autumn deserted Summer town—

Here now in the church, looking down at him, she was passing a cold, unsteady hand across her forehead, remembering. A church was the very last place she would ever have expected to find him. But in her frantic wanderings, looking at first furtively, and then quite boldly, into all the bars and finally just walking round and round in endless circles, she

thought she caught a glimpse of him at the end of a street. She dashed madly in that direction, but somehow lost him in this particular area. There was only a park, deserted in the dimness of early morning, and this church. She scarcely noticed that it was her own church.

On an impulse, she tried the door and found it open. Her sharply searching glance saw the blur of figure in one of the pews, and, when she stumbled toward it, it had been Jim. He's just wandered in, she thought bitterly, to find a place to sleep it off.

And now anger was taking the place of shock. Her slashing look cut against the sleeping figure like a sword; her eyes hated him. "Stay there, stay there, you clod," she said mentally, "stay there and rot for all of me. I'm getting out of here; and out of you, too." She turned, but her quick, blind steps went toward the front instead of toward the doorway.

A small, swinging red light hung before the altar. Her eyes, dark with fury and disgust, unconsciously registered the brightness of the color amid the surrounding twilight of shadowed pews and gray lit corners. They focussed, and behind the light, she saw the cross. The light, the cross, evoked automatic response, and she dropped heavily to her

knees. There was nothing in the gesture either of humility or of worship.

She was stumbling to her feet again when a sound arrested her. Jim had apparently awakened, and from the darkness of his corner came a sort of muttering. Words that kept repeating and repeating themselves. "Oh, God. Oh God."

Carol caught her breath. Her steps hesitated; halted. A very passion of listening was upon her. There was a groan that was oddly like a sob, and then the words coming clear in spite of a blurring of the syllables.

"Please, please help me, God. Help me—"

Jim was praying! Not merely by chance then—this church. He had been seeking—sanctuary.

In front of her, the cross caught a shaft of early morning light. She stared, transfixed. And her soul reached out in yearning to its promise. She did not kneel; she huddled. Moments passed. And that which was pride, that which was hatred, that which was despair, seeped steadily away.

She was almost repeating her husband's words. She was saying, "Help me, too, God, help me, too. We cannot do without You, either of us. He is sick. You have kept me strong and well.

Use my strength, use it for him. And let me learn again to seek You where You can be found. In Your church, upon Your altar. Stay with us, God. Stay with us always."

She managed to get to her feet, clumsily. But her step, as she turned toward the corner pew, was light and swift and sure. She pulled the heavy, unresisting body close into the shelter of her arms and brushed the wetness from the

man's cheeks with a handkerchief held in gentle fingers.

"Jim," she said, "Jim, we'll go home now, all Three of us."—Her glance encompassed cross and altar—"He'll help us both. You'll see. Help you to keep on trying, and me to understand your sickness, and to serve you, Jim. To serve you both."

The man raised incredulous, hopeful eyes to the brightness of her face.

The Catholic Art Calendar For 1951

Pictured in full color, each page of this calendar offers an inspiring portrait of your favorite saint for each of the twelve months. It is a handy reminder of Holy Days and days of fast and abstinence. Give your friends a gift they will be using this time next year.

35¢ each

3 for \$1.00

12 for \$3.50

Discount on large orders

ORDER FROM

GRAIL OFFICE

ST. MEINRAD, IND.

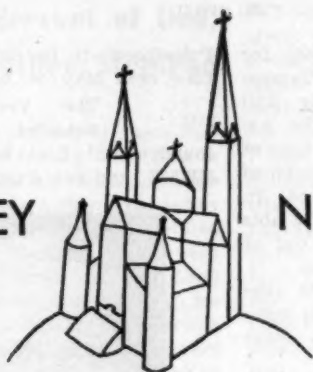


Photo by Meinrad Kinder, O.S.B.

...ALL THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE

Sep
1st
III.
Ab
to
Bro
cra
Beu
Un
Jan
pen
Rh
don
bus
ma
Hol
Mes
aga
sh
the
rene
the
tra
A

ABBEY



NEWSMONTH

September 1st **Brother James of Mar-**
mion. Abbey, Aurora,
Ill., arrived. Plans to remain at our
Abbey for several months in order
to learn the carpenter trade.
Brother Rembert, trained as a
craftsman in the archabbey of
Beuron, is our chief carpenter.
Under his expert guidance Brother
James will aim at "master of car-
pentry."

10th Grape harvest ready:
 many of the monks
 donned their work habits and got
 busy. The grapes picked were
 made into altar wine for use at the
 Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. God
 blessed us with an excellent crop
 again this year.

24th Solemn Vows: two Fra-
 ters at the Offertory of
 the Mass: Fraters Gavin and Law-
 rence. Father Abbot officiated for
 the solemn vows and also cele-
 brated the Pontifical High Mass.

A new chaplain was appointed at

the Immaculate Conception Con-
 vent, Ferdinand, Indiana ... Fa-
 ther Albert replaced Father Jerome
 ... the latter is now Office Man-
 ager of the Abbey Press.

10th It rained: it was Rural
 Life Sunday: but ... the
 two just didn't mix thus limiting
 the crowd for the occasion. The
 program carried out: Solemn High
 Mass at 10:30 in the Abbey Church
 with a sermon by Father Abbot. A
 basket lunch on the terrace at 12
 o'clock. After an intermission—
 special speeches and square dances
 for young and old held in the two
 gyms. Rural Life Sunday closed
 with Benediction at 3:30.

11th Desks were ready: beds
 were ready: teachers
 were ready—the students returned
 today. By five in the evening all
 had arrived ... some 336 in the
 Minor Seminary and 221 in the
 Major Seminary. To the disap-
 pointment of the younger students,

St. Bede's Hall was not ready for occupancy as planned. Temporary dormitory and study hall quarters were set up in the Assembly Hall. Weather, shortage of materials, and labor—all combined to delay the completion of St. Bede's; but the students were able to joke and get some fun out of the temporary arrangements.

St. Placid Hall occupants (the Oblates) also returned from summer vacation ... numbered about twenty-one in all.

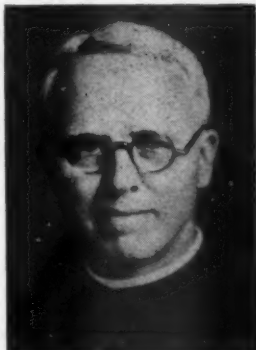
A new decision was reached in regard to Office of Vespers: after today Vespers will be sung daily. Several Abbeys have this practice, but because of close schedules and other problems we were unable to arrange it up to the present time.

18th Bulletin board notice—two Brothers and one layman of our new foundation, Blue Cloud Abbey, had an auto accident. **Brother Jerome** suffered severe cuts and bruises while **Brother Dominic** and **Mr. Albert Becher** were treated for minor bruises.

22nd Arrival of Archbishop Schulte: following days he ordained some of the seminarians to Minor and Major Orders. Two of our Fraters received Subdiaconate on the 23rd—**Frater Gavin** and **Frater Lawrence**. On the 24th there were twenty-six seminarians ordained to the Diaconate. Next step for these will be

Priesthood—to be conferred sometime next May or June.

18th The Very Reverend **Benedict Brown**, the founder and first Editor of the **GRAIL**, and now Prior of Marmion



Abbey, celebrated his Golden Jubilee of Religious Profession. *Ad multos annos!*

28th Three Fathers left for the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C. They will take up residence there for the following school year: **Father Fabian**—further studies in Science; **Father Simeon**—Library Science; **Father Xavier**—completion of 4th year Theology. Three more Fathers left a day or so later. These will also finish their 4th Theology course: **Fathers Odile, Camillus, and Marclan**.

—Nicholas Schmidt, O.S.B.

"Whatever makes men good Christians, makes them good citizens."

DANIEL WEBSTER

The Servant of God, Brother Meinrad

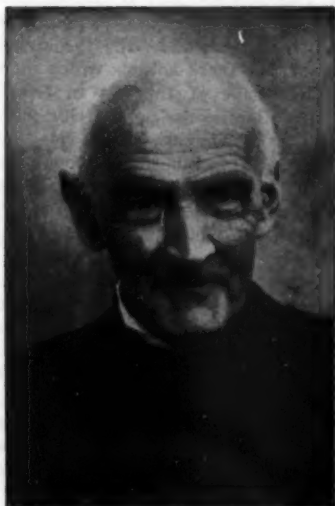
In the ancient abbey of Maria Einsiedeln in Switzerland there died in 1925 a Benedictine monk, Brother Meinrad Eugster, highly respected by his confreres for his virtuous life. His cause for beatification has been introduced at Rome, and *The Grail* has been chosen for bringing his cause to the knowledge of American Catholics. The publication of favors obtained through the intercession of Brother Meinrad will serve to advance the cause of the saintly lay-brother. Accordingly our readers who experience the help of Brother Meinrad's intercession are asked to notify us of the facts by writing to *The Grail Office, St. Meinrad, Indiana*. The *Grail* will select outstanding favors for publication. A picture of Brother Meinrad and a prayer for his canonization may be obtained by sending a stamped and self-addressed envelope to *The Grail Office*.

■ I want to thank Brother Meinrad for the cure of an abscess in both ears and for many other favors. Brother Meinrad has never failed me and I am begging him again for a very special favor. R.V., Ind.

■ We feel that our baby's remarkable recovery from a serious virus infection was due to prayer and want to express our thanks to Brother Meinrad for his help. We will pray for his early canonization. Mrs. B.J.W., Mo.

■ Several months ago a lady on a street car handed me a pamphlet about Brother Meinrad Eugster. I began saying the Novena prayers daily for several intentions. Through the intercession of Brother Meinrad I have realized an ambition of long standing. After striving unsuccessfully for years to become a published writer, yesterday I received a check for fifteen dollars from *The Catholic Digest* for a short story which I submitted to them. Long ago I promised God that if and when He made it possible for me to write something marketable, the first check received would be donated to a good cause. So it seems only fitting that it should be sent to you, and the check is enclosed herewith.

R.J.P., Ill.



All the Way to Heaven

by Hilary Ottensmeyer, O.S.B.

WHAT you plan on doing in heaven has a lot to do with what you are doing right now. Harp-strumming, cloud-sitting, and lots of rest, that is one way of looking forward to the future life. Those who have a flair for social activities may envision a kind of hustler's heaven: showering down roses, running errands, being Mr. Fix-It until Judgment Day. Then a contented retirement.

This off-hand way of talking about heaven may surprise. "Pious ears" will be offended, as the theologians say. But these notions which many people have of the life in heaven really do miss the point. Our views on heaven ought to be clear-cut, gripping, fascinating enough to reach down into every act of our present life. We badly need a heaven for which we can yearn intensely, for which we won't be afraid to suffer and sweat it out down here. Certainly, nothing so shallow as the "pearly gates" and "streets of gold" ideas of heaven can do it for us. That's all too remote. But, rather than this complaining, we can go over to talk about the Feast of All Saints and discuss at least one angle toward the solution of the problem.

ALL Saints is a harvest feast, a feast of spiritual inventory. The Church year is coming to an end. So we begin thinking about man's end, about heaven, hell too. What about this long-range work of Redemption? Did Christ's plan really get the job of redeeming mankind done? The answer can be gotten from the statistical angle by asking about the increase of population in heaven since Ascension Day. St. John the Apostle steps up to settle that question. In the Epistle of the Mass on that All Saints' Day, St. John, who once looked upon heaven itself in a prophetic vision, says: "I saw a great multitude which no man could number, out of all nations and tribes and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed in white robes, and with palms in their hands" (Apoc. 7, 9). And what were these blessed souls doing there? Even St. Paul could not make human words carry the burden of such a message: "Eye has not seen nor ear heard, nor has it entered into the heart of man, what things God has prepared for those who love him" (I Cor. 2, 9).

We do know that every half-realized desire of the heart, every

anxiety of the truth-seeking mind, every ordered reaching out of the senses will be filled in a superabundant way. The glad work of these souls will be to stand in awe and loving praise before Him Who caught them up out of nothing, redeemed them without their deserving it, and Who now imprisons them eternally in a life of unspeakable delights. At the very thought of heaven, the saintly Cure of Ars used to stop in his preaching, confused with joy, saying over and over: "We shall see Him, we shall see Him...."

Yet, although you may talk up heaven with wildest enthusiasm, there is deep down a fear of it in people's mind. We know what happiness means here; this new kind of heavenly happiness sounds odd to us. That might be because heaven has gotten to be a luxury in the minds of many, something to look forward to after you have had everything else you want. "Heaven can wait," as the once popular tune went. If we could get used to the idea that this life is already a foothold in heaven, much of that holding back would disappear. "All the way to heaven is heaven," as someone remarked.

That term, the "hereafter," puts this short-sighted attitude just about as bluntly as you could state it. There is no "hereafter" for a Catholic. The life of grace we live in the "herenow" will simply blossom out into glory in heaven which is the "always now." Gaining heaven is not like winning a tennis racquet, as

Frank Sheed points out. It is never a matter of winning a dandy prize, but a gradual growing into, preparing the soul for the full living of the life of glory. "Whatever is necessary to enable a man to live the life of heaven must, in some way or other, be acquired by man in this life: otherwise this life would not be a preparation for heaven," Sheed goes on to explain. Abbot Vonier points out the same idea:



"The whole supernatural outfit of the Christian soul is a worthiness, so that it may be admitted into that kingdom (of heaven); *sanctity is a fitness for the glory to come*. Christian sanctity is all *forward movement*, a preparation for a state of things that is not yet, yet a preparation so complete that when the hour shall arrive the soul will be found entirely adapted to the divine plan."

In short, when we celebrate the Feast of All Saints, we are taught to realize this: the lives the saints in heaven are living is noontide brightness, you and I have begun to live in the dim light of faith.

So with full confidence in the re-

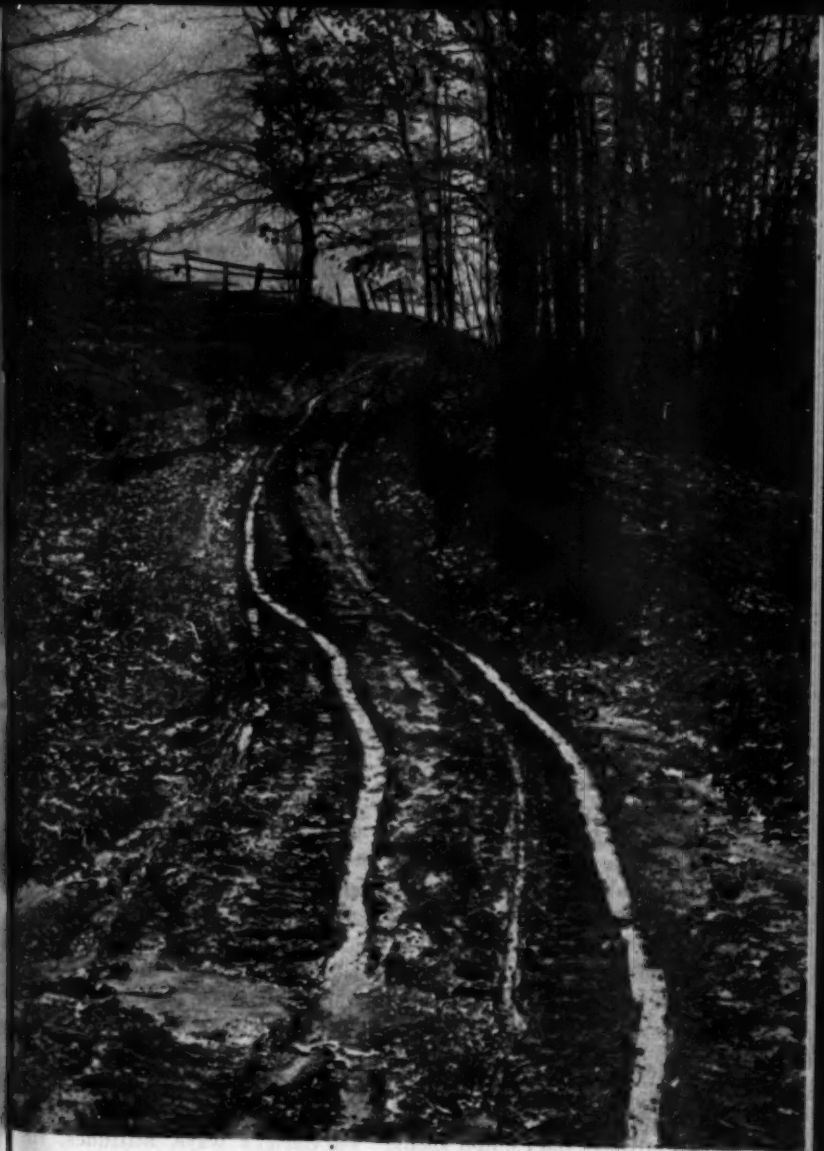
deeming power of Christ and in our place secure in heaven, we can close up this series of articles on the Church Year. We have done little more than point out the lay of the land. The yearly cycle of the Liturgy is so tremendous a thing; it is no less than "the re-enactment of the life of Christ; the re-presentation (making present) of the work of redemption" (Msgr. Hellriegel). It has to be lived many years to be understood, but lived intelligently. It is the channeling of the gifts of Christ's love for us, each year enriching, maturing us that we may attain "to the perfect man, to the full measure of the stature of Christ" (Eph. 4, 13).

I am often reproached for continually attacking the rich. Yes, because the rich are continually attacking the poor. But those I attack are not the rich as such, only those who misuse their wealth. I point out constantly that those I accuse are not the rich but the rapacious. Wealth is one thing, greed is another. Learn to distinguish.

St. John Chrysostom
Bishop and Doctor of the Church
in the Fourth Century



ER
ur
ee
he
tle
he
he
it
of
ta-
rk
l).
be
ly.
of
en-
ay
the
of



Autumn Road

Photo by Meinrad Kinder, O.S.B.

Presenting a series of articles applying the Gospels of the Sunday Masses to everyday living. We hope these commentaries will prove helpful to those, particularly family groups, who are preparing the Mass together in anticipation of the Sunday Solemnity.

SUNDAY MASS

A SCHOOL OF PERFECTION

by

Conrad

Louis, O.S.B.

NEXT month we plan to begin a series of commentaries on the Sunday Masses to guide our readers in the use and appreciation of the missal.

This is by way of introduction.

The return of the Sunday and Sunday Mass to their proper place in the lives of Catholics is one of the great desires of Pius XII.

The Sunday Mass should not be considered a mere minimum for membership in the Church or for "getting by." The Church does not present a program for merely "getting by." Her program is one for sanctification and perfection. Too many people make the Sunday Mass a minimum requirement. It can be, and in the mind of the Church should

be, a source of Christian perfection for all the faithful.

The recent Popes have said that the faithful are more effectively instructed in the principles of the Faith by participation in the Sacred Mysteries than in any other way. Pius X said that these Mysteries are the "primary and indispensable source of the true Christian spirit." It is this Christian spirit that the Church is trying to bring into the world today. The Church is in labor that Christ may be born in her children. The Church's program is to have her members "put on Christ." She wants men to put on Christ's ways, attitudes, vir-

tues, and acts. Men must double for Christ, bringing His blessings to the world of today by being "other Christs."

Where do the faithful get this spirit of Christ? After initiation into the Christ-life by Baptism we grow in Christ especially by participation in Holy Mass. Our Christ-contacts in the Mass are of two kinds. In the readings and prayers of the Mass, especially in the Gospel, He comes to our minds and wills with light, guidance, and direction. In Holy Communion He brings us grace, strength, and energy to live and love as He did.

In our time more and more people are receiving Christ in Holy Communion frequently. By closer attention to their contact with Christ in the Gospel they can prepare themselves to receive more abundant fruits from their Eucharistic contact with Him. Perhaps it is just in this way that progress will be made in the second half of our century. By a vivid, keener, and more practical knowledge of Christ they will be better disposed to receive the graces of the Eucharist and better informed for the practical realization of these graces in their life.

In the Mass we really meet Christ, not only in the Eucharist, but also, in a different way, in the Gospels. The Solemn Mass

shows this very clearly. At the announcing of the Gospel lesson Christ is greeted as if present in person: "Glory be to Thee, O Lord!" All present stand in reverence. The Gospel book is held between lighted candles. It is even incensed. After the singing of the Gospel the book is kissed and Christ is praised for His visit: "Praise be to Thee, O Christ!" We come to Mass to meet Him, learn of Him, receive Him, and take His life and virtues home with us.

Our contact with Christ in Sunday Mass means something for Monday and the rest of the week.

Suppose there is trouble at home. What home is without it? Small children to be watched, someone sick, perhaps an invalid grandfather who demands constant attention, or a young daughter who wants to be left alone. Neighbors who expect too much help often add to the burden. All this trouble tends to create bitterness, resentment, selfishness. We find ourselves dreading the duties and sacrifices that life brings us. Our hearts grow cold, hardened, and paralyzed with selfishness.

The Gospel for the eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost means much to us when we are in that condition. It tells us about a

paralytic who went to Jesus, carried by four of his friends. Jesus cured him completely. Those numb and immovable hands of his, those thick, mumbling lips of his were suddenly filled with life and vigor. With great joy he used his new found energy in helping his fellow men.

We can get a similar cure from Christ. Our paralysis is deeper. It is not in the arms or legs, but in the heart. Selfishness and bitterness are the paralysis that makes it hard for us to serve our fellow men with love. But Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever. Just as He poured new vitality into the crippled body of the paralytic in the Gospel story, He can fill our souls with the warmth and love of charity. If we prepare for this Sunday Mass by a careful reading of the Gospel, we will be ready to give up our paralyzing peevishness and selfishness. We will be eager for a share in His generous love as we receive Him into our hearts. And we will carry the thought and the strength of Christ's love into all the activities of the following week.

Every Sunday's contact with Christ in the Gospel brings us a new insight into the meaning of life. The Gospel of the twenty-third Sunday after Pentecost, for

example, shows Christ's thoughtful, helpful kindness to parents whose little girl was sick. In his Gospel St. Luke tells us that they told Christ not to bother; they thought it was too late. But He *liked* to bother about little girls, sick people, and the distressed of all ages. Jesus restored the life of this little girl as a sign of His power and His intense interest in her health and life.

How appropriate His example is in our day! Parents are not the only ones who should be interested in children. Priests, teachers, doctors, in fact all the members of the community should take an active interest in the welfare of the young. This loving interest is especially needed for children who are sick, or poor, or rejected; and most of all for those who are on the road to delinquency. For all this, parents, and others too, need the love of Christ. They need to meet Christ in the Sunday Mass, where they can see the shining example of His loving interest in a twelve-year-old girl and receive a share of His love in Holy Communion.

Thus, Sunday by Sunday, day by day, we learn the virtues that we need to make our lives really Christ-like.

At the same time we grow in the all embracing virtue of chari-

ty, that complete and total gift of self to God and neighbor. The Mass teaches this so perfectly: greater love than this has no man, that he lay down his life for his friends. This is the meaning of Calvary—the lesson of every Mass. As married or single, as priest or religious, everyone must live and work with others—is actually dedicated by the very circumstances of life and work to serve others in greater or less degree. Why not offer this sacrifice with Christ in the Mass? A conscious awareness of our vocation to serve others in charity will dispose us to be joined with Christ in His great sacrifice. The fruits of the Mass will then be realized more effectively in our daily lives—where we find ourselves upon the cross of sacrifice.

Here we touch the end and perfection of the Mysteries of the Church according to our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII: "All the elements of the Liturgy, then, would have us reproduce in our hearts through the mystery of the cross the likeness of the Divine Redeemer according to the words of the Apostle of the Gentiles, 'With Christ I am nailed to the cross. I live, now not I, but Christ lives in me.' . . . Let the souls of Christians be like altars on each one of which a different phase of

the Sacrifice, offered by the High Priest, comes to life again—the dedication and even immolation of oneself made promptly, generously and earnestly; and finally that intimate union by which we commit ourselves and all we have to God, in whom we find our rest; 'the perfection of religion is to imitate whom you adore.'" (*Mediator Dei*, no. 102, 152)

The Mass then can be for us a school of perfection. A preparation of the Mass—by reading over the scripture texts of the Mass on Saturday night—can prepare us for the blessed reality of our meeting with Christ in the Gospel and in the Eucharist. After that meeting—after "learning Christ" and receiving Him, we take Him with us into the world He hopes to conquer through us. At the end of Mass we are challenged: Go now, the lesson has been given—the great lesson of charity—death to self that friends may live; go, and do in like manner!

St. Paul sums up the hopes of the Church from our weekly Christ-contact: "Put on, therefore, as God's chosen ones, a heart of mercy, kindness, humility, meekness, patience. Bear with one another and forgive one another, if anyone has a grievance against any other; even as the Lord has forgiven you, so also do

you forgive. But above all these things have charity, which is the bond of perfection. And may the peace of Christ reign in your

hearts . . . show yourselves thankful. *Let the word of Christ* (the Gospels) *dwell in you abundantly.* (Col. 3, 12-16)



Let the faithful, therefore, consider to what a high dignity they are raised by the Sacrament of Baptism. They should not think it enough to participate in the Eucharistic Sacrifice with that general intention which befits members of Christ and children of the Church, but let them further, in keeping with the spirit of the sacred Liturgy, be most closely united with the High Priest and His earthly minister, at the time the consecration of the divine Victim is effected, and at that time especially when those solemn words are pronounced: "By Him and with Him and in Him, is to Thee, God the Father Almighty, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, all honor and glory forever and ever:" to these words in fact the people answer: "Amen."

—Pius XII in *Mediator Dei*

Refresher Course

IN CHRISTIAN VALUES - by Alma Oberst

MAMA goes to cooking school to bone up on new recipes and Papa goes to Toastmasters' Club to learn how to make speeches. Lights burn every night in high schools, colleges and universities which offer night classes in every subject under the sun from folk dancing to higher calculus.

Refresher courses have become a raging fad, but the opportunities for refresher courses in religion are only too few. Retreats and once-a-year missions are usually the only means available. Catholic universities do offer wonderful opportunities mostly in metropolitan areas.

Sheil School in Chicago is a unique experiment for the sole purpose of adult education. It offers a wide range of classes and lectures, most of them in the late afternoon and evening. Constantly increasing enrollment and enthusiastic scholars witness its success. But facilities are few indeed in smaller cities and rural areas for adult Catholics to study theology, liturgy, church history, and social problems.

Why do converts make such good Catholics? It seems paradoxical

when the Church insists upon parochial schools from the foundation up. But many graduates of Catholic schools attend Mass every Sunday, and forget about religion the rest of the week, while many converts talk, think, and act religion with the inspiration of a Bernhardt on opening night.

The reason may be that a convert learns religion in relation to his adult existence. It becomes a vital part of his every action, whereas the born Catholic has long forgotten the atmosphere of the classroom. When problems come up the tenets learned ten or twenty years ago have faded somewhat and the precise moral issue can be glossed over or evaded.

A properly trained child should grow up with a set of values that will carry him through all circumstances, but it is sometimes difficult to apply a twenty or thirty year old yardstick to today's problems.

Ideally, adult education should take the form of evening classes in a well-staffed college or university. Such facilities are seldom available, but substitutes can be adapted to fit

the requirements of any community.

Why can't every Catholic school have a program for adults? Buildings usually lie dormant from sun-down to sun-up except for occasional plays, recitals, and bingo games. The mamas and papas foot the light and heat bills anyway and are more apt to appreciate educational opportunities than their sometimes unwilling offspring.

The average layman is likely to say, "I wouldn't mind taking a course or two. Why doesn't somebody offer a program?" But it probably would never occur to him that he could, with a little help, undertake such a project himself without waiting for George to do it.

It doesn't require a million dollar budget to underwrite an adult education program. With a volunteer faculty and free quarters the cost can be reduced to postage, mimeograph paper and chalk.

It could be sponsored by any organized group in the parish or by a small group of laymen. The only prerequisite is permission from the bishop of the diocese.

In Evansville, Indiana, an adult education program was begun several years ago by a small study club. It has been offered twice a year with attendance ranging from 15 to 250.

The suggestion for the program came originally from Abbot Ignatius Esser, O.S.B., of St. Meinrad's Abbey. He discussed the need for it at a meeting of priests, and since its inception has provided at least

one faculty member for each session. His suggestion reached the study group through its moderator, Rev. William Lautner.

Monsignor A. J. Sprigler of Holy Trinity parish gave the use of a classroom in the old school building. It was located just above the youth center, where the staccato beats of ping-pong balls and juke box records sometimes penetrated the more sober discussions upstairs.

Courses are given each fall before Thanksgiving and each spring either before or after Lent. Subjects are offered one night a week for four weeks with four or five subjects each term. There is no tuition charge and no registration fee. Classes are from 8 to 9 p.m. with a half hour discussion period at the end of the lecture. Questions are usually sharp and pertinent and discussion is often spirited.

It would be easier for students if the program were spread out more but it is easier to promote a more intensive series.

Since each community varies in interests and tastes there can be no standard pattern for an adult program. The schedule used in the Evansville series could serve as an outline for similar programs anywhere:

1. Obtain quarters and plan the program.
2. Get permission from proper authorities.
3. Obtain faculty.
4. Write letters to the pastors, put posters in the back of

churches with outlines of the program, and write stories for the secular and diocesan press.

The quarters aren't too important. Church basements, farmer's homes and church rectories have served to house education programs.

Faculties are more of a problem. Teachers are like precious metals, they are difficult to obtain but worth the effort of digging them out. They may be found among the clergy, in monasteries and seminaries, and among the laity. An assistant pastor may have a special field cultivated as a hobby that classifies him as an expert. Or the pastor of a country parish may be an authority on something as esoteric as contemporary French literature.

The curriculum should be diverse enough to attract all kinds and all types of people. Social problems are of special interest in industrial centers. The need for moral values in management-labor relations is increasingly apparent, but discussion

on pensions, profit-sharing and cost-of-living is apt to become heated and may require the services of a stout-hearted, leather-lunged referee.

Marriage is a popular subject. It has appeal for those who are contemplating matrimony as well as for married couples who want a review of their responsibilities.

Today children are taught to follow the Mass with a missal. The use of an *ordo* is encouraged, and an eighth grade graduate can flip ribbons and ferret out collects without hesitation. This was not so some years back, and one of the most rewarding subjects for adults today is a profound study of the Mass.

There are many topics to choose from, both heavy and light. Theology should be the foundation of any program. Whatever type of program is offered, adult education is an excellent way to get young and old together in a spirit of inquiry and earnest truth-seeking.





Photo by Meinrad Kinder, O.S.B.

FOR THESE, THY GIFTS
which we have received from Thy bounty
we give Thee thanks, O Lord.

NO MAN IS AN ISLAND

It's a Family Affair

"...as everyone knows, anyone outside the Christian body is alone, isolated, abashed, like a chicken without a roost.... The point is this. It is Christ's will that we be in His Church. This means, then, not merely that we are in direct communion with the Pope, His Vicar, but it means that we are obligated to help each other toward sanctity. But whom must I help and who will help me?

First, we must help each other within the parish. Cooperation among parishioners! First and foremost for us the Church is our Parish. If within our parishes we hold ourselves aloof from one another, if we refuse to cooperate, if we will not "play ball," we have excommunicated ourselves! No matter if each one of us is holy and pious, indeed, in spite of the fact that he may be a "good man," if he lives his little life for himself alone, if he says his little prayers for himself alone, if he prays only for the little trifles that interest himself alone, then he has established his own little church for himself alone and is, thereby, excommunicated from the Church of Christ because he no longer is in communion with all other Christians.

What then is a parish? A parish is a group of Christians united that they might sanctify one another within the Church.

Since all those within a parish are striving for this common goal by helping each other, it is essential that these Christians know one another. To know that they might love and wish each other well.

It is easily understood why those who realize the real meaning of the parish desire and work so hard to fashion it again into a center of interest for all Christians, through which they are drawn ever closer together in their lives of love and cooperation. This is why they desire so ardently that the parish become really a "communion" of Christians, a co-op which pays off in dividends of eternal life.

—*Carnet de Vacances*, JEC, Montreal

Books

Where I Found Christ
Two Lovely Beasts
A Table Near the Band
Fundamental Moral Attitudes
Spiritual Direction

WHERE I FOUND CHRIST.

Edited by John A. O'Brien.
Doubleday and Company, Inc., 14
West 49th St., Rockefeller Center,
New York 20, N. Y. 271 pp. \$2.50.

This well-balanced symposium of convert stories, some of which have appeared previously in books and magazines, will be welcomed by all, as well as by the readers of its companion volume *The Road To Damascus*. In a world wasted by wars and petty hates, the candid accounts of men and women who find peace of soul are always a stimulant. The search for peace today fills the anterooms of physicians, psychiatrists, and sanatoriums. Yet, in *Where I Found Christ* there move men and women who had no need of psychoanalysis. Simply following the dictates of unbiased reason, they found Christ, they found His Church, and the resultant peace and freedom of soul.

Where I Found Christ envisages no ordinary run of convert stories. Here we read the autobiographical accounts of fourteen leading authors of the day: Thomas Merton, Lucile Hasley, David Goldstein, Dorothy Day, Christopher Hollis, Raïssa Maritain, and other scholarly men and women. They are equipped to penetrate their experiences, to give a sound judgment, and to express themselves clearly and forcibly. Their ability to produce a spiritual history of their souls adds to the

book's value.

The volume is prefaced and concluded by its eminent editor with penetrating insights into the why's and wherefore's of converts. Each of the dramatic sketches is preceded by a helpful biographical sketch of the author. For these outstanding men and women of contemporary life, their work is a labor of love. As Father O'Brien poignantly writes: "The stories of their spiritual conquest are told with reverence, humility, and a sincere desire to be helpful to others. They are neither propaganda nor chapters of a sales talk. The writers have no axes to grind, no bread to butter, no premiums to collect. They narrate their stories of a spiritual Odyssey with the sole thought that their disclosures may point out to other groping souls the paths that lead to Christ and His Church."

For laborers in the Apostolate, the book offers a chance to see at close range what are the prospective convert's problems and wherein lie their solutions. The Catholic reading audience at large will realize what a priceless gift their faith is. The convert reader himself will perhaps re-live steps in his or her own conversion.

The catholicity of the Church makes myriad the roads to Rome. Circumstances for investigating Catholicism and the accompanying

social and intellectual trials are seldom identical. Yet in the process of conversion, there is the one important fact of the mysterious workings of divine grace upon the human soul. Conversion demands cooperation with God's grace. It is this necessity of God's part in a conversion that threads itself through the humble accounts in *Where I Found Christ*. Avery Dulles in his "Coming Home" puts it well: "To find the truth about God, it may be helpful to read and to ponder, but it is indispensable to pray. For faith is a blessing which it is not in our power to lay hold of, nor in the power of man to bestow, but a free gift which must be asked of God."

—Leo Hettich, O.S.B.

TWO LOVELY BEASTS. By Liam O'Flaherty. The Devin-Adair Company, 23 East 26th St., New York 10, N. Y. 274 pp. \$3.00.

Liam O'Flaherty, some twenty-five years junior to Yeats, Stephens and others who made the Irish literary renaissance, has turned out short stories and novels of excellent workmanship over the last quarter century. He is a clever craftsman, but he has never quite attained that shimmer of beauty which lifts the Irish short story into an attractive "other-worldliness."

One critic, who has been excited about the Irish literary renaissance of the last thirty years, has said that O'Flaherty has a great power of *empathy*; i.e., a sympathetic projection of oneself into another's consciousness, even into that of

animals. This idea in connection with the title of O'Flaherty's present *Two Lovely Beasts* gives a key to criticize the book. The craftsmanship is there, but the main emphasis is on the beasts.

There are twenty stories, easily boiled down to about four general types. One group includes the Hunt Club Gentry usual in any hunting district of the countryside, the oh so brilliant lawyer who must go on a terrific "bender" to prime himself for a courtroom appearance, the vindictive Nouveau Riche who has amassed power and wealth solely to wreak vengeance on an Aristocrat. Certainly "beasts" could be used to describe any or all of them.

Another group treats of young women suddenly awakened to their hidden passions. But young as they are, the door is slammed in their faces as they are thrust back violently into a world bogged down in frustration. Here the author has unsympathetically projected the characters, not himself, into a lower level of life, more than slightly bestial. They lose the brightness of daily life as human beings to become "beasts" that are not even "lovely."

In the stories about animals, the writing is beautiful so far as the description of place, color or sensuous observations are concerned; but when the author touches the animal soul, the *empathy* backfires and we have the old "nature in the raw is seldom mild" case of dog-eat-dog. Highlighted in this group is an account of a mating in the wild duck family that degenerates into a

seamy exposé of a "Daisy gets her man" courtship. The worst side of human actions is projected into these animals to stultify their natural goodness.

Three stories, "The New Suit," "The Old Woman," and "The Beggars," escape the withering touch of O'Flaherty's *empathy*. The boy's deep interest in seeing his first complete suit fashioned from the initial shearing of the wool to its final tailoring at home, the old woman's care for her dark brown burial dress with its simple religious decoration, the singing-woman's offhand but really sympathetic care of a blind beggar at the races; these have some of the stuff that the Irish story teller can spin out into a magic cloak to cover human nature with that brightness glinting down from a world beyond but still very near. These stories are "lovely" because they have escaped the beastliness plastered on the other stories.

Yes, these stories are all cleverly written, but they lack the depth of heart that inevitably makes an Irish short story have its own especial goodness. —*Alaric Scotcher, O.S.B.*

A TABLE NEAR THE BAND. By A. A. Milne. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 300 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y. 249 pp. \$3.00.

It all depends, of course, on what you want. You may have romped with Milne through those children's pieces of his, *Winnie-the-Pooh*, for example, or *When We Were Very Young*. In which case, you'll find a very different sort of Milne, though perhaps basically the same, in this

collection of short stories, *A Table Near the Band*.

The short story is probably the most difficult and the easiest literary form that could e'er entice a budding writer. It is most difficult, because the *convincing* evocation of a personality, an incident, within a narrow framework, is stuff for real artists. It is easiest, because the lack of necessity of a long, sustained development makes the number of theme possibilities endless: this morning's wash will do, or yesterday's, for that matter. Amateurs don't know anything about the first point, but they know everything about the second. Result: short stories burgeon all over the place.

Fortunately, A. A. Milne is neither a budding writer nor an amateur. Besides his juvenile verse and prose, he has, in his sixty-eight ripe years, coaxed up a sizeable crop of adult plays and poetry, the merits of which we have no intention of exploring now. The point is, he *has* written, and not a little. It's a help.

A Table Near The Band may be safely chalked up as holding a niche among the writings of Milne that are designed for adults, not for kiddies. All in all, the set of thirteen stories that make up the volume includes only a trace—but still, a trace—of the miasmic lust that characterizes much current literary output. "The Three Dreams of Mr. Findlater," for example, is gummed up with a degree of such titillation, and so is "Portrait of Lydia."

Best among the stories is probably

"The Rise and Fall of Mortimer Scrivens," a riotous and altogether believable account of what might ensue when a book gets itself lent. But, along with "Christmas Party," the tale manifests a supreme disregard for basic Christian charity. This disregard takes on a bright glitter in "Scrivens" and "Party"; it glows darkly in "The River," when Mary junks Rosemary Paton as a "supreme egotist."

Nevertheless, a refreshing humor bubbles through the whole of *A Table Near The Band*. The society that parades through its pages is a mannered, very British society, and so is the dialogue. There are some deft bits of psychological penetration—as in "The Prettiest Girl in the Room"—and constantly changing approaches. Some of the stories, as illustrations of this last point, are told in the first person; another uses the diary device; another is a strung-together series of conversations. And so on. Plots and the developments thereof are clever. They are fresh in their originality, too, though you usually find yourself getting to the author's surprise ending a trifle before the author does.

Milne's stories can hardly be taken seriously. They are much too superficial, too typical of the puppets of today's social scene to have any real depth. When Milne tries to take *himself* seriously, though, we really end up with something on our hands. What on earth he was trying to do when he produced "Before the Flood," is more than I should

hazard guessing. The story, according to the publishers' solemn blurb on the dust packet, is—let me through—"A commentary on family life in terms of a re-evaluation of the Biblical Story of Noah and the Ark." It's a re-evaluation, all right. But not quite biblical. I'm not altogether sure whether the thing is an out-and-out parody of the Scriptural account or not, and, judging from the wobbly theme development, I don't think Milne is sure either.

And save me from stories like "The Balcony." If this is the emancipated modern's concept—or one of them—of what lies on the other side of death, then the emancipated modern is a little worse off than I had thought he was.

Some of the stories in this collection have appeared previously in periodicals.

—Christopher Hoolihan, O.S.B.

FUNDAMENTAL MORAL ATTITUDES. By Dietrich von Hildebrand, translated by Alice Jourdain. Longmans, Green & Co., 55 Fifth Ave., New York 3, N.Y. 72 pp. \$1.75.

Fundamental Moral Attitudes is an exceptional book. It is short: 5 chapters in 72 pages. It is compact: there are no wasted words, no weakening anecdotes, no commercial padding, no corroding compromises. It is detached: the truth is set down with take-it-or-leave-it frankness. It is powerfully simple: and application or moralizing is left to the reader. The book rotates around a single concept: value. This concept is explored from five viewpoints,

from five fundamental moral attitudes, and the result is an analysis of the bases of the supernatural life. It is even an exciting book for anyone who can transpose the abstract into the workaday world. A brief summary follows.

A moral value, such as humility, is higher than any natural value, such as genius. Richness in moral values depends on the degree of man's perception of value and his unconditional abandonment to the value perceived. To share in this richness a man must first of all have REVERENCE, a virtue "which opens his spiritual eyes and enables him to grasp values." The "ego-spasm" or pride or concupiscence darkens man's spiritual eye and prevents his abandonment to value. Reverence means receptiveness to value. The irreverent man is shallow: values make only momentary impressions.

Reverence actively inclines man to the perception of value. However, in order to be of any consequence, the value must be firmly rooted in the individual character. FIDELITY is the moral attitude which insures the habitual or permanent possession of a value. The unfaithful, the inconstant, do not take values to the center of their being. The faithful man, on the contrary, understands an obligation to respond always to the demand of a value. There can be no moral development without fidelity to the value perceived. A paradox: "... inconstant people never change themselves."

Before a man can be faithful, he

must see the need of being faithful. RESPONSIBILITY, the third fundamental moral attitude, makes man "inwardly free to follow always and everywhere the call of values." The unconscious man obeys only the stimulus of the present moment. He is unaware of any responsibility to the world of values. Without responsibility a man remains immature and childish. The present moment is for him eternally barren because he has failed to recognize the sovereignty of moral values.

A man can lie about his responsibilities. The liar considers life with all its values as an instrument for his own end. The terrible consequence of this is that the liar cannot be trusted in any circumstances. The truthful man sees the obligation of making his life correspond to the values perceived. He does not seek compensation or compromise in the face of difficulty. He is genuine and humble in the presence of moral values. In short, he possesses VERACITY, the fourth fundamental moral attitude.

At the heart of the whole reign of moral attitudes is GOODNESS. Goodness is the breath of love, and love is flowing goodness. Love is the deepest of all responses to value. The good man, the true lover, cannot be indifferent or hardhearted or wicked. Goodness implies the harmony, the freedom, the serenity and the love involved in embracing every moral value. Goodness is the reflection of the whole world of values in the individual person.

—Joseph Sprug.

SPIRITUAL DIRECTION. By Paschal P. Parente. *The Grail*, St. Meinrad, Indiana. 109 pp. \$2.00.

In these times of wars and rumors of war, real Christians should instinctively turn to Holy Scripture to find out if the good God has given us some indication of what is to come. Page through God's revelations to men and see how the things mentioned in the Apocalypse seem to be unraveling themselves. Look at the passages where St. John is told, "What thou seest write in a book, and send to the seven churches." It does make us think when we find the words: "Him who overcomes I will permit to eat of the tree of life; he shall not be hurt by the second death; I will not blot his name out of the book of life; I will make him a pillar in the temple of my God; I will permit him to sit with me upon my throne." Every single item is a spiritual value.

But are spiritual values known and appreciated today? Truly, if we take a cross-section of even the Christians of today, we find that they are expending vast sums on obtaining an education for themselves and for their children, but for comparatively very few does the education extend to spiritual values. In all the avocations of life, apprentices sit at the feet of experts and associate themselves with teachers who know thoroughly the various trades; alas, this seems to be the case in all fields except the spiritual. Father Paschal Parente,

in his new book, *Spiritual Direction*, gives to the reading public some very timely thoughts and arguments, which will make a person conscious that this important social help should be used especially in our age.

There seems to be an opinion prevalent that each one should be able to take care of his own spiritual lights and problems. Father Parente, in no uncertain terms, attempts (and does a good job of it) to show the necessity of spiritual direction. We believe that his words against spiritual direction outside the Sacrament of Penance and his statements that direction should not be given by mail will defeat his purpose of getting all to make use of God-given spiritual direction. The set-up in America for the Sacrament of Penance is such that spiritual direction will not always be easily introduced through this channel in our parishes. Better, then, it would be to encourage spiritual direction through all possible avenues, using the safeguards which St. Francis of Sales and Abbot Marmion so beautifully used, and to let this lead over to doing away with the "Absolution-machine" method of Confession.

Father Parente has some fine chapters on the duties of spiritual direction, and his "ready references on spiritual topics" are valuable for anyone who is dealing with souls.

This book should be read by all in these times when the battle between the material and the spiritual is coming to a head.

—Meinrad Hoffman, O.S.B.

GIVE BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

THE PARISH PRIEST OF ARS

by Mary Fabyan Windeatt

☐ \$2.00

John Marie Vianney wanted with all his heart to be a priest. He got his wish, but, oh, what a struggle it was. Yet it was not until after his ordination that his troubles really began. As a starter, imagine waking up at midnight some night and finding the Devil himself knocking at your door! 164 pages. Illustrated by Gedge Harmon.

OUR LADY'S TINKER

by Marie Chaminade

☐ \$1.25

The story of Father William Chaminade the founder of the Marianists and a great lover of Our Lady. For the middle and upper grades. Illustrated by Gedge Harmon. 57 pages.

AMBER EYES

By Aimee Toriani and Patsey Ellis

☐ \$1.50

Nourish your child's precious sense of wonderment and enrich his young imagination with these magical stories of the Garden Fairies. They are really delightful! Illustrated by Gedge Harmon. Large print. 78 pages.

RAG-A-TAG

by Aimee Toriani and Patsey Ellis

☐ \$1.25

More stories of the Garden Fairies. More beautiful illustrations by Gedge Harmon that busy little kindergarten fingers can color. 78 pages.

THE JESTER'S PRAYER

by Aimee Torriani

☐ \$2.50

A romantic tale of adventure told against an authentic background of old France. The thrilling scenes shift from royal courts to convent cloister and back again as Knights go warring for their Kings and a Princess brings peace to her people by falling in love with their enemy. 177 pages. Illustrated by Pierre Juzet.

THE KING'S HOSTAGE

by E Virginia Newell

☐ \$1.50

Fear of impending disaster caused King Bela of Hungary to make a promise to God which he later regretted, but which his daughter Margaret nobly fulfilled...not out of fear but out of love. 68 pages. Illustrated by Margaret Isteneas.

I enclose \$..... for books checked above.

Name

Address

City Zone State

SEND TO GRAIL OFFICE, ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA

This book is for both the spiritual director and for those directed. It is a clear and systematic explanation of spiritual direction. 190 pages.

For the past thirty years there has been living in our country a modern mystic whose life, conversion, and mysticism are described in this book by the Professor of Mystical Theology of the Catholic University.

Three years ago St. Louis De Montfort was canonized and many wondered who he was. He began the special devotion to Our Blessed Mother which is called "True Devotion." To be published in November.

Make room in your heart for the joy of Christmas by participating in the Advent and Christmas Liturgy. 152 pages.

In your soul there is a trinity of powers: you can think, act, and love. The greatest of these is love; it being the motive and fruit of the other two. 141 pages.

Don't let your children grow up without knowing something of the history of the Psalms which the Church values so highly and uses so frequently in the Liturgy of the Mass and the Divine Office. Introduce them to King David, the author of many of the Psalms. 153 pages. Illustrated by Gedge Harmon.

Place this story of St. Therese in the hands of some child or youth and you may be planting the seed of another "Little Flower." 228 pages. Illustrated.

St. Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles, was a real spitfire. First against those who loved Christ—afterwards against those who didn't. This latter fire, however, was the fire of Christ's own burning charity. The youth of today need to come within range of it that they may be enkindled by it. 193 pages. Illustrated by Paul Grout.

Just what would you say to someone who asked you to explain the Miraculous Medal? Could you tell them why it is called miraculous; to what saint it was given; who designed it? 106 pages. Illustrated by Gedge Harmon.

SPIRITUAL DIRECTION

by Pascal P. Parente, S.T.D.,
Ph.D., J.C.B.

☐ \$2.00

SUSANNA MARY BEARDS- WORTH

by Rev. Pascal Parente,
S.T.D., Ph.D.

☐ \$3.50

OUR LADY'S SLAVE

by Mary Fabyan Windeatt

☐ \$2.50

THE PRINCE OF PEACE

by Archbishop Goodier, S.J.

☐ \$1.25

THE SCHOOL OF LOVE

by Archbishop Goodier, S.J.

☐ \$1.50

DAVID AND HIS SONGS

by Mary Fabyan Windeatt

☐ \$2.00

LITTLE QUEEN

by Mary Fabyan Windeatt

☐ \$2.00

THE MAN ON FIRE

by Mary Fabyan Windeatt

☐ \$2.50

THE MEDAL

by Mary Fabyan Windeatt

☐ \$2.00



USE ORDER BLANK ON OPPOSITE PAGE



IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO ORDER YOUR

Christmas Cards

~~~~~  
1950 CARDS, All new designs, only \$1.00  
for box of 21 cards and envelopes.

Special offer: 4 boxes for \$3.00  
~~~~~

Besides the 1950 design (#1) we also
have a box (#2) containing some Hum-
mels and other similar designs.

Also a box (#3) containing reproduc-
tions of famous masterpieces of Christ
Child and Madonna.

ORDER BLANK

I enclose \$ _____ for the
following items:

_____ Box(es) of #1 (1950)

_____ Box(es) of #2

_____ Box(es) of #3

\$1.00 a box.

\$2.50 for one box of each (3)

\$3.00 for four boxes (your choice)

◀ MAIL TO:

GRAIL OFFICE
ST. MEINRAD
INDIANA

A Young Soldier

took a piece of notepaper from his helmet and wrote a letter to his two small daughters back home:

"This is daddy. I want you to listen and pay attention while Mommie reads this to you. Just try and make believe I was there, talking to you.

"Joanie, I don't think you'll remember me because you were a little baby when I had to go away, but I used to sit and hold you a lot.

"Rose Marie, you should remember me because I used to take you out with me a lot, and I used to buy you a lot of candy and sodas, and I used to feel so good when people used to say you had eyes like mine.

"I want you both to know that I'd be with you if I could, but there are a lot of bad men in the world, and if they were allowed to do what they wanted to do, little girls like you wouldn't be allowed to go to church on Sunday or be able to go to the school you wanted to.

"So I have to help fight these men. It might take a long while, and maybe Daddy will have to go and help God up in heaven, and if I do, I always want you both to be good to Mummie.

"That's one thing I always want both of you to remember. If your conscience tells you something is right, always stand up for it....

"I'll be in a hole, fighting, in a few days, in a place called Korea, so I'm sending you all the love that's in my heart on this sheet of paper. I carry your picture, and Mummie's next to my heart, and if I have to go help God, you'll know that the last thought I had on this earth was for the two of you and Mommie.

"All my love and kisses. Be good and God bless you."

Daddy.

The letter was delivered to the home of six-year-old Rose Marie McCormick and her sister, Joan, three.

Three days later, their mother was notified that Private McCormick, 28, paratrooper veteran of World War II and infantryman in Korea, had been killed in action.

Fr. Bernardine Patteson O.S.B.
St. John's Abbey 4-51
Collegeville, Minnesota

KEEP
DEATH
DAILY
BEFORE
YOUR EYES



